

JUMBO COMICS



No. 104
OCT.
10¢

Buddy



Skeena JUNGLE QUEEN
Stalks the blood stained spoor
of Renegade Killers to the
"VALLEY OF
ETERNAL SLEEP!"
also GHOST GALLERY
THE HAWK - SKY GIRL
AND MANY OTHERS -

The BIG

OF THE COMICS!

EACH ONE A WINNER...
JAM-PACKED WITH
FAST ACTION AND
DRAMATIC ADVENTURE!



ON SALE-25TH



ON SALE-1ST



ON SALE-25TH

Why
Guess?
Get the
best!



ON SALE-1ST



ON SALE-5TH



ON SALE-10TH

LOOK FOR THE
BULL'S-EYE!



A
FICTION
HOUSE
MAGAZINE

JUMBO COMICS, No. 104, Oct., 1947. Published monthly by Real Adventures Pub. Co., Inc., 675 Fifth Ave., New York 19, N. Y. T. T. Scott, Pres.; J. F. Byrne, Mgr. Editor; Claudio E. Latham, Editor; S. M. Iger, Art Director. Re-entered as second class mailer Dec. 19, 1939, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Contents copyrighted, 1947, by Real Adventures Pub. Co., Inc. Yearly subscription in U. S. \$1.20; Foreign \$1.60. Single copies 10¢ in U. S. For advertising rates: Advertising Director, Fiction House, Inc., 675 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N. Y. Printed in U.S.A.

NEXT ISSUE OF JUMBO COMICS (No. 105, NOV.) ON SALE AT YOUR NEWSSTAND OCT. 1st.

SHEENA

Queen of the Jungle

BY W. MORGAN THOMAS

"CHIEF OBU TONGA... DEAD! MURDERED!" CRIED THE FUNERAL DRUMS IN THROATY VENGEANCE. "BRING YOUR OFFERINGS QUICKLY... FOR WITH THE WANING MOON, OUR TRIBAL LEADER SHALL DEPART UPON THE LAST TREK AND JOIN HIS ANCESTORS BEYOND THE MISTY SHADOWS OF THE VALLEY OF ETERNAL SLEEP!" SOON, A SADDENED JUNGLE QUEEN AND HER MATE STARTED SWIFTLY DOWN THE RIVER...

A WEARISOME TREK TO KIMBOMBO, BOB... YET OUR RESPECTS MUST BE PAID TO THE PEACEFUL M'KUNDIS.

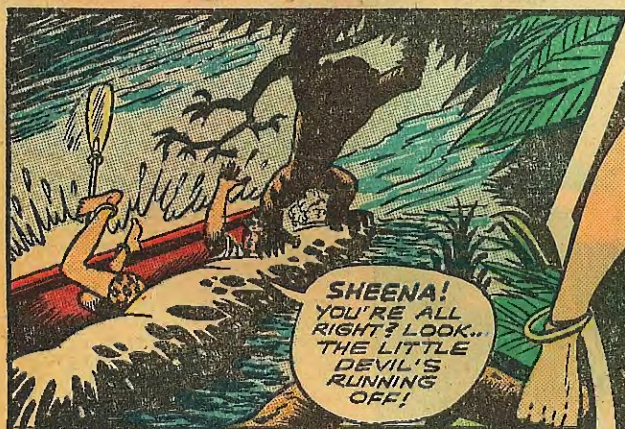
M'KUNDIS? SAY, AREN'T THEY THOSE QUEER EELS WITH ODD FUNERAL CUSTOMS?





YES, GREAT MYSTERY
SURROUNDS THEIR
BURIAL GROUNDS...
NONE HAVE EVER
RETURNED... I...
WHAT?

CHIM! CHIM!
WHAT'S WRONG,
OLD FELLOW?



SHEENA!
YOU'RE ALL
RIGHT? LOOK...
THE LITTLE
DEVIL'S
RUNNING
OFF!



YEAH, BUT IT'S GOT
TO BE AT THE RIGHT
RANGE BEFORE WE
REACH KIMBOMBO.
WAIT... THAT
SOUND!



COLE!
LOOK OUT!
WHY, IT'S...
IT'S...



WHAT EVILNESS
INVADES CHIM?
HE CLAWS MY
MATE... CAUTION!
THE DUGOUT
TIPS...

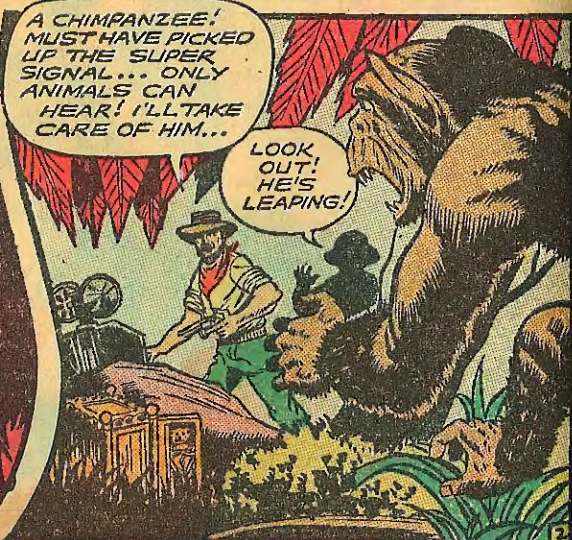
AS NEARBY...

BLAST IT! SUPER-
SONIC TRANSMITTER'S
GONE HAYWIRE AGAIN.
CAN'T GET THE
RIGHT PITCH,
BASCOM.

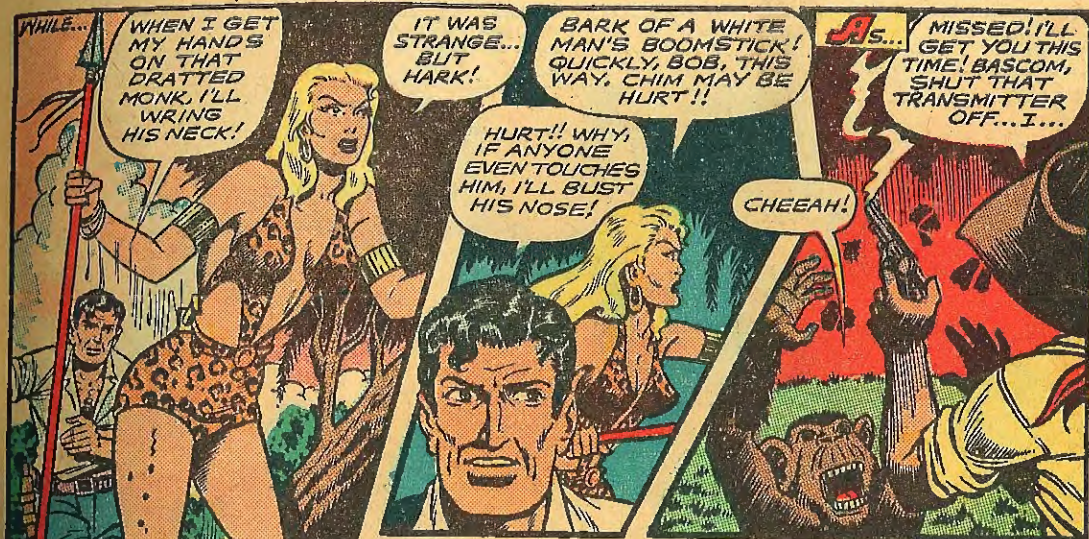
TEMPERAMENTAL,
EH, COLE?



A CHIMPANZEE!
MUST HAVE PICKED
UP THE SUPER
SIGNAL... ONLY
ANIMALS CAN
HEAR! I'LL TAKE
CARE OF HIM...



LOOK
OUT!
HE'S
LEAPING!



WHILE...

WHEN I GET MY HANDS ON THAT DRATTED MONK, I'LL WRING HIS NECK!

IT WAS STRANGE... BUT HARK!

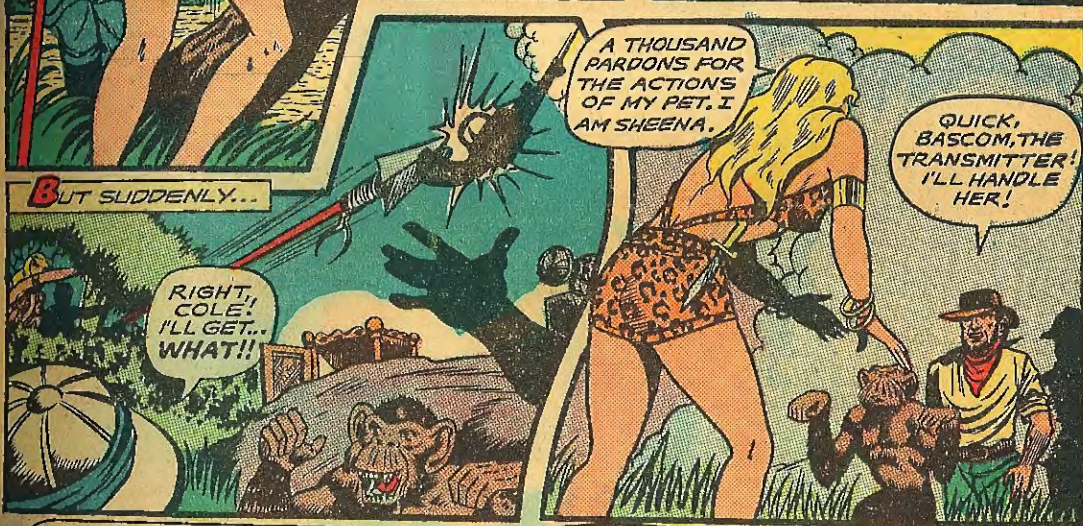
BARK OF A WHITE MAN'S BOOMSTICK! QUICKLY, BOB, THIS WAY, CHIM MAY BE HURT!!

HURT!! WHY, IF ANYONE EVEN TOUCHES HIM, I'LL BUST HIS NOSE!

CHEEAH!

As...

MISSED! I'LL GET YOU THIS TIME! BASCOM, SHUT THAT TRANSMITTER OFF... I...

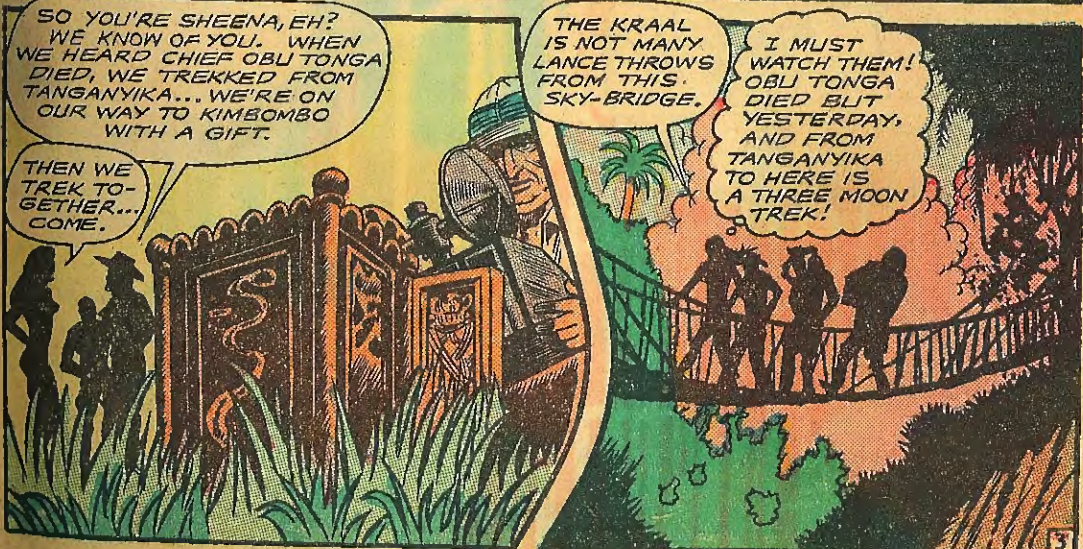


BUT SUDDENLY...

RIGHT, COLE, I'LL GET... WHAT!!

A THOUSAND PARDONS FOR THE ACTIONS OF MY PET. I AM SHEENA.

QUICK, BASCOM, THE TRANSMITTER! I'LL HANDLE HER!



SO YOU'RE SHEENA, EH? WE KNOW OF YOU. WHEN WE HEARD CHIEF OBU TONGA DIED, WE TREKKED FROM TANGANYIKA... WE'RE ON OUR WAY TO KIMBOMBO WITH A GIFT.

THEN WE TREK TOGETHER... COME.

THE KRAAL IS NOT MANY LANCE THROWS FROM THIS SKY-BRIDGE.

I MUST WATCH THEM! OBU TONGA DIED BLIT YESTERDAY, AND FROM TANGANYIKA TO HERE IS A THREE MOON TREK!

SOON... KIMBOMBO... TERRITORY OF THE M'KUNDI, LAND OF MYSTERY, AND NOW AS THE DRUMS BOOM SLOWER, AND THE CEREMONY DANCERS BEGIN TO TIRE...

THIS MARKS THE END OF THE RITES. PRESENT YOUR GIFT TO THE MAN OF OMEN YONDER.

THANKS, SHEENA.

JAMBO, MAN OF ORACLES! THIS GIFT FOR THE SPIRIT OF OBU TONGA.

THE GODS SMILE, BWANA! YOUR GIFT WILL PASS WITH HIM BEYOND THE SHADOWS OF THE VALLEY OF ETERNAL SLEEP!

BUT LURKING IN THE SHADOWS...

HAH! NICE CLEAN JOB OF MURDER, M'GOLI. HERE!

WHAT? THAT GUY COLE... PAYING OFF THAT NATIVE! MURDER, HE SAYS. I'D BETTER HAVE A LOOK INTO THAT FUNERAL GIFT.

THERE IT IS! WONDER WHAT THOSE TWO BIRDS ARE UP TO?

AS OUTSIDE...

DEEP IS MY SORROW, O N'SULA, THAT YOU, TOO, MUST DIE.

TRIBAL CUSTOM IS STRONG AS IT IS CRUEL, SHEENA. IT IS DECREED THE WIFE MUST ACCOMPANY THE BIER BEYOND THE SHADOWS... FROM WHICH NONE MAY RETURN... EVER!

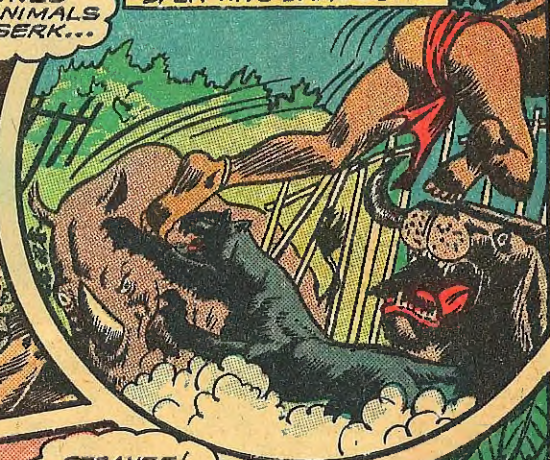
AND YOU, AS THE WIFE OF OBU TONGA MUST GO... BUT WHAT MEANS THIS? LOOK! THE SACRED BEASTS ACT MAD!

AS...

A SUPER-SONIC TRANSMITTER... SAY, THAT'S FUNNY! WONDER IF THOSE TWO GUYS MURDERED THE CHIEF? I...

WAIT! THOSE SOUNDS OUTSIDE... NATIVES SCREAMING, ANIMALS GOING BERSERK...

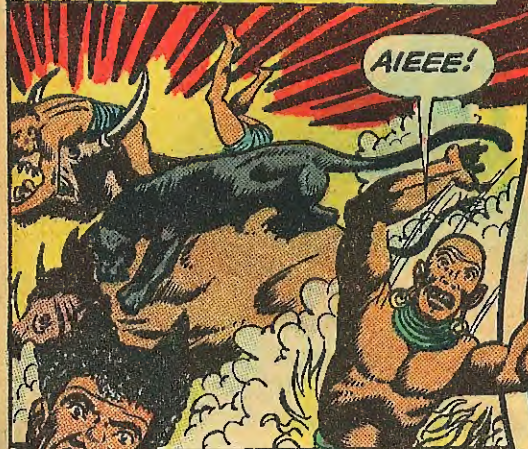
THE SNAP AND CRACK OF SPLITTING BAMBOO...



STRANGE! THESE BEASTS ACT IN THE MANNER OF CHIM! WHAT!! ONE THUNDERS TOWARD ME...

THROATY GROWLS AND KILLER-SNARLS, BLENDING IN A DISCORDANT SYMPHONY OF CONFUSED HORROR...

AIEEE!



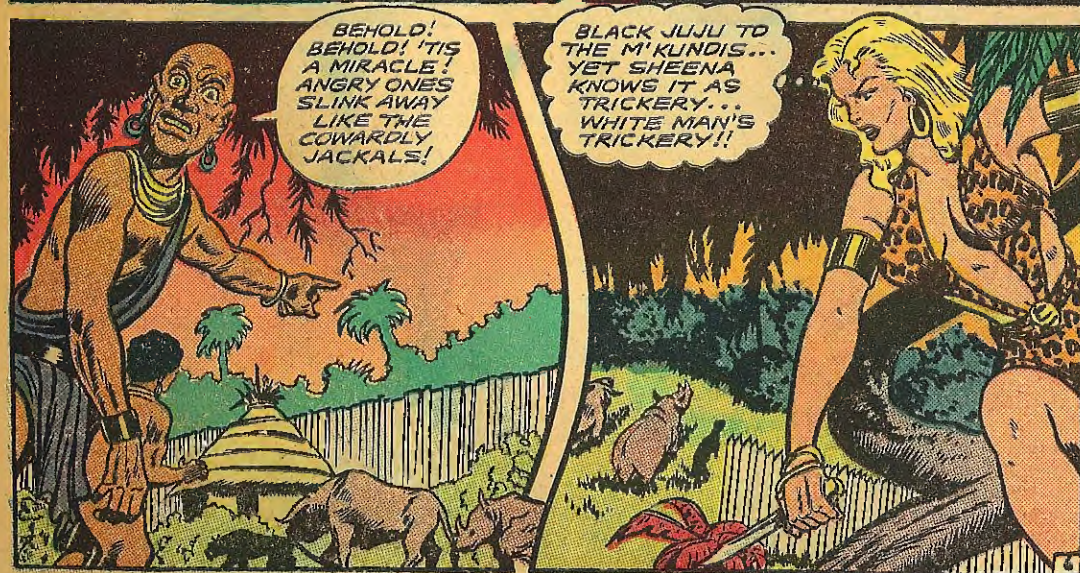
THE TEMPLE... THE TEMPLE! SOMEONE'S MONKEYING WITH THE TRANSMITTER! WE'VE GOT TO GET HIM!

GOT TO WARN SHEENA! SOMETHING'S ROTTEN IN KIMBOMBO!

WHEW! MADE IT! GIVE IT TO HIM NOW, COLE, NOW!

LOOK... HE'S COMING OUT! GO AROUND THE SIDE, COLE...





AS THE HARSH SCREAMS OF THE JUNGLE BEASTS DIED DOWN, ONCE MORE WAS HEARD THE OMINOUS THROBBING OF THE FUNERAL DRUMS... FINALLY, AS THE MOON WANED LOW...

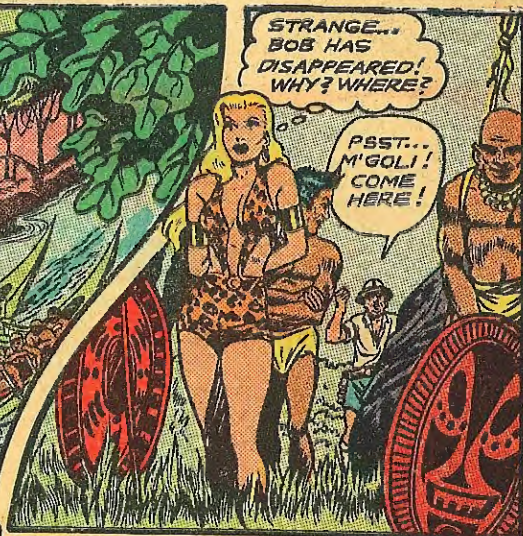


COME, IT IS TIME FOR THE JOURNEY INTO THE MIST LANDS... INTO THE VALLEY OF ETERNAL SLEEP.



STRANGE... BOB HAS DISAPPEARED! WHY? WHERE?

PSST... M'GOLI! COME HERE!

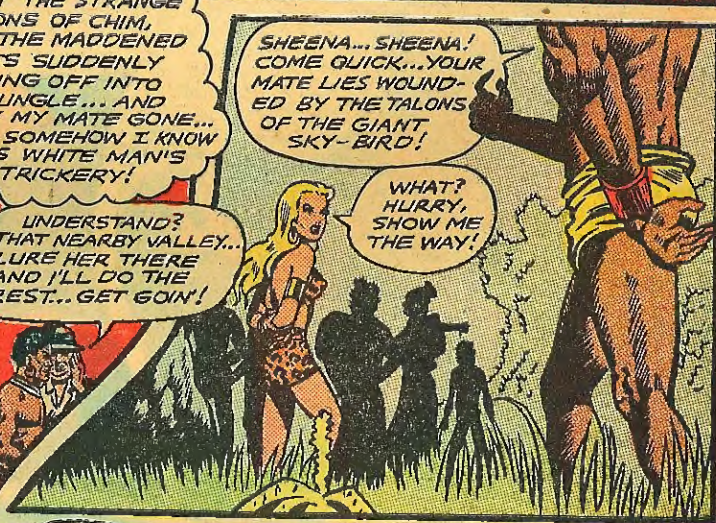


FIRST THE STRANGE ACTIONS OF CHIM, THEN THE MADDENED BEASTS SUDDENLY SLINKING OFF INTO THE JUNGLE... AND NOW MY MATE GONE... YES, SOMEHOW I KNOW IT IS WHITE MAN'S TRICKERY!

UNDERSTAND? THAT NEARBY VALLEY... LURE HER THERE AND I'LL DO THE REST... GET GOIN'!

SHEENA... SHEENA! COME QUICK... YOUR MATE LIES WOUNDED BY THE TALONS OF THE GIANT SKY-BIRD!

WHAT? HURRY, SHOW ME THE WAY!



WHERE... WHERE IS HE?

LOOK YONDER, JUNGLE QUEEN... SEE YOU NOT YOUR MATE?

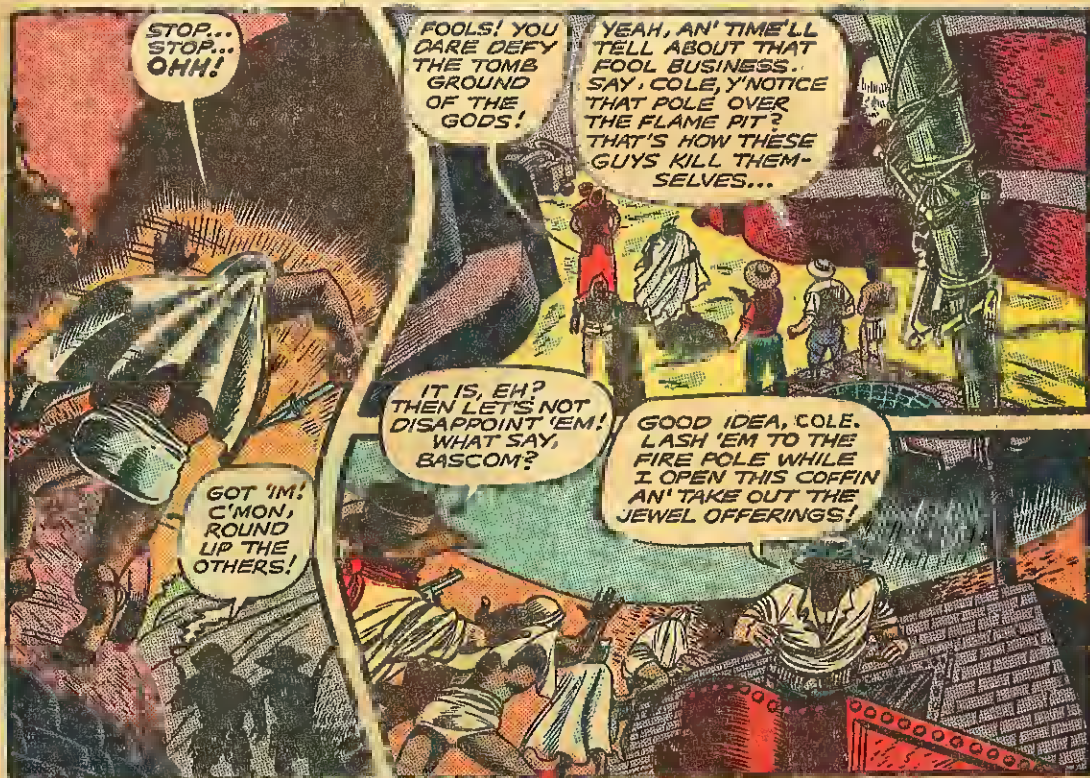
NO... MY EYES SEE NOTHING! WHAT MEANS THIS? A TRICK PERHAPS?

SUDDENLY...

NO PERHAPS ABOUT IT, LASSIE! THAT DOES FOR HER, BASCOM. WE'LL LEAVE HER FOR THE NIGHT PROWLERS!







STOP...
STOP...
OHH!

FOOLS! YOU
DARE DEFY
THE TOMB
GROUND
OF THE
GODS!

YEAH, AN' TIME'LL
TELL ABOUT THAT
FOOL BUSINESS.
SAY, COLE, Y'NOTICE
THAT POLE OVER
THE FLAME PIT?
THAT'S HOW THESE
GUYS KILL THEM-
SELVES...

IT IS, EH?
THEN LET'S NOT
DISAPPOINT 'EM!
WHAT SAY,
BASCOM?

GOOD IDEA, COLE.
LASH 'EM TO THE
FIRE POLE WHILE
I OPEN THIS COFFIN
AN' TAKE OUT THE
JEWEL OFFERINGS!

GOT 'IM!
C'MON,
ROUND
UP THE
OTHERS!



W HILE...

HEAD
REELING...
WHAT!!
DEVIL
CAT!

WELL, WHAT
YA KNOW!
YOU SURE
DIE HARD.
EASY, CHUM,
NO TRICKS!

SAVED
FROM
SUFFO-
CATING...
BUT WHAT
NOW?

MY BLADE
AGAINST YOUR
MANY CLAWS,
BLACK ONE!

BUT IT IS MINE
THAT STRIKES
FIRST. NOW COME,
CHIM, WE MUST
FIND THE SPOOR
OF THE WHITE
MEN.

CHEE-
CHEE!

WHAT!!
MADNESS
FILLS CHIM
ONCE MORE!
PERHAPS
SOME
SOUND
MY EARS
CANNOT
DETECT...

CHEEAH!

YES... THAT
MUST BE
THE KEY
TO THE
MYSTERY.
GO, CHIM,
GO!

AH, SOME STRANGE
THING ATTRACTS HIM!
MUST FOLLOW...
SWIFTLY AND SURELY...
ELSE MY MATE BE
KILLED!

As...

MIGHT AS
WELL HAVE
SOME FUN
WITH 'EM,
COLE. GET
THAT FIRE
GOIN'!

LICKED THIS
TIME... FOR
NOBODY EVEN
KNOWS WHERE
THIS PLACE IS!

BEWARE,
WHITE ONES,
BEWARE,
THE CURSE
OF OBU TONGA!

BLAST YOUR
CURSES... IT'S
YOU WHO'LL
DIE... AND
NOW!

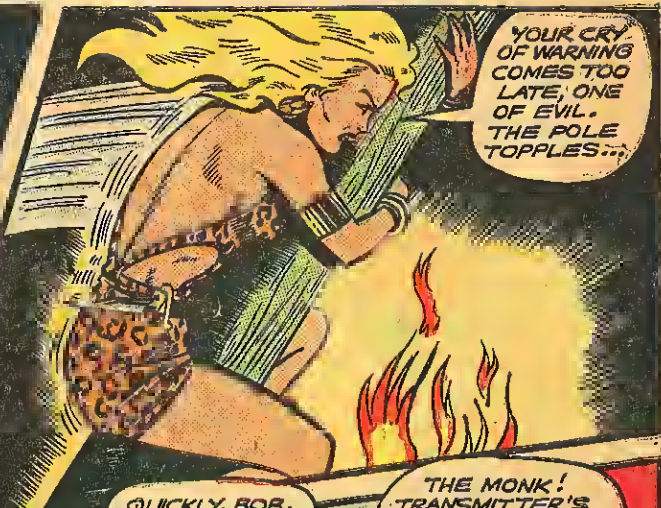
Above...

WHAT!! THE
FLAMES ABOUT TO
SPEAR SKYWARD...
ONLY ONE
CHANCE!



MUST STRIKE THE POLE OF DEATH!

BASCOM!!
LOOK OUT!



YOUR CRY OF WARNING COMES TOO LATE, ONE OF EVIL. THE POLE TOPPLES...



WAIT! NO-NO...
I... AAAHH!



QUICKLY, BOB,
YOU ARE FREE!

YEAH, BUT NOT FOR LONG! TAKE IT, BABY... WAIT... WHAT'S THAT?

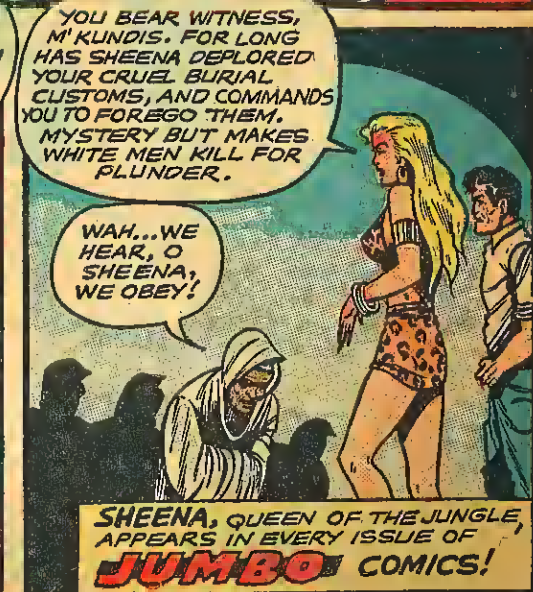


THE MONK!
TRANSMITTER'S STILL SENDING SIGNALS... FORGOT TO SHUT IT OFF! HELP!



WELL DONE, CHIM!
AND NOW, KILLER OF OBU TONGA, YOU SHALL SHARE THE FATE OF YOUR ACCOMPLICES!

YOU WERE RIGHT, SHEENA... THEY FOLLOWED THE SUPER SIGNALS...



YOU BEAR WITNESS, M'KUNDIS. FOR LONG HAS SHEENA DEPLORED YOUR CRUEL BURIAL CUSTOMS, AND COMMANDS YOU TO FOREGO THEM. MYSTERY BUT MAKES WHITE MEN KILL FOR PLUNDER.

WAH...WE HEAR, O SHEENA, WE OBEY!

SHEENA, QUEEN OF THE JUNGLE, APPEARS IN EVERY ISSUE OF **JUMBO COMICS!**

The Hawk

BY WILLIS RENSIE

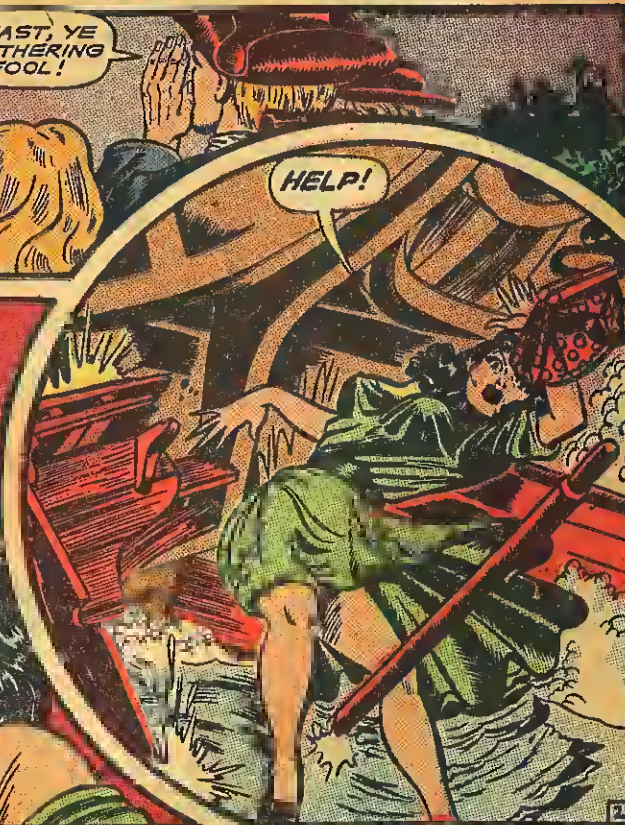
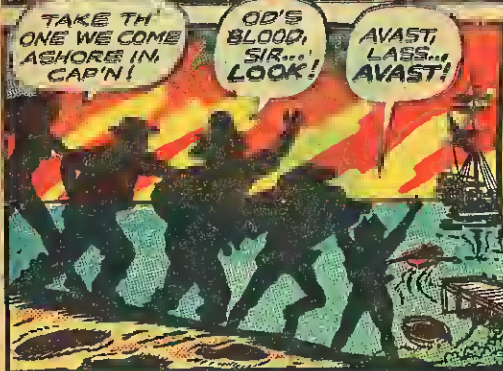
A PRIZE CARGO, CAPTAIN. I'D TRUST IT ABOARD NONE BUT YOUR SHIP." SO READ THE MESSAGE ON **HAWK'S LADY SCARLETT** AND SOON...

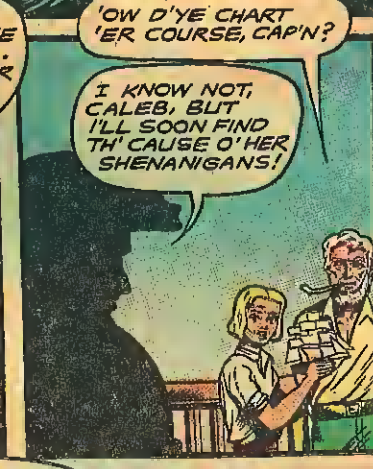
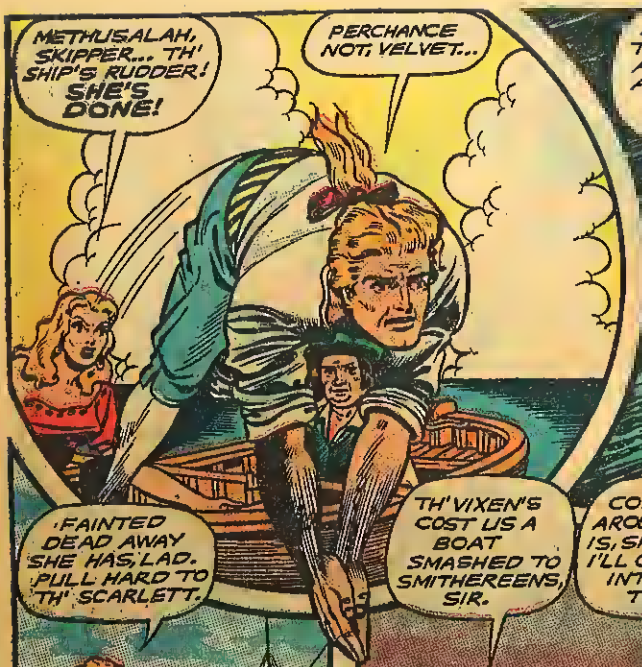
SIR NEVILLE KNEW HOW TO PICK WHEN 'E CHOSE TH' OL' LADY, EH, SKIPPER?

AYE, FLUTH, AN' 'TWILL BE GOOD TO LEAVE THIS CURSED BEACH...

AH, MY CHANCE AT LAST... HAWK'S GOIN' TO FIND 'IS CREW...

R. H. WEBB





AS AHEAD...

CAP'N LEAR! TH' FALCON JUST BROUGHT WORD! HAWK'S TO HAUL SIR NEVILLE'S CARGO O' SILK!

TH' DEVIL! AN' US WITH NO SHIP AS 'UD STAND A CHANCE AG'IN 'IS SCARLETT!

BLOODY RUFFE'S OUT THIS NIGHT, SKIPPER, PERCHANCE 'E'LL TAKE ONE O'ER. BUT STOW IT! TH' PRISONER...

EAVES DROPPIN' AGAIN, IS IT, TILDEN? OUT O' ME SIGHT, OR I'LL FLAY YER HIDE! MORE ALE...

WHILE...

... AND THAT'S TH' WHOLE STORY, CAPTAIN. TH' PIRATE, LEAR, HAS MY BROTHER, JONATHAN TILDEN, PRISONER. 'TIS PAYIN' TH' RANSOM I'LL BE. STAND BACK!

YOU LITTLE FOOL! WE HAVE NO POWDER, AND... NOW!


'TIS COMMANDIN' MY OWN SHIP I'LL BE!

NO! NO... GET BACK!

ALREADY YOU'VE BROUGHT US INTO DANGEROUS WATERS, MISTRESS HOPE TILDEN!


YE'D HAVE US ALL PRISONERS O' LEAR AN' HIS MANGY CUT-THROATS!

CAP'N... CAP'N HAWK! SHIP OFF TH' PORT BEAM! 'TIS A PIRATE TUB!




HEAVE THEM
GRAPPLING
HOOKS, ME
BUCKOS!

READY TO
BOARD 'ER,
MATEYS!




BLIMEY, RUFFE,
'TIS TH' LADY
SCARLETT!
WE'LL BE
DONE IN!

NO WAY WE 'AD O'
KNOWIN' IN THIS DARK!
OD'S BLOOD, CAST
AN EYE AT 'ER
HAND YONDER!




IF I CAN BUT
HACK THESE
LINKS BEFORE
THEY LEARN
WE 'AVE NO
POWDER...
HARK!



I KNOW
NOT YER
PLAN, YE
BILGE
RAT, BUT...



OOOH!



CALEB...CALEB,
MATE! TH' HAWK
FELL ONTO THAT
PIRATE'S DECK!
THEY'LL KILL
HIM!



AYE, AN' WITH NO POWDER, 'TIS NAUGHT WE KIN DO...

RUN 'IM THROUGH IN A HURRY, THEY WOULD! 'TIS CERTAIN 'E'S DEAD BY NOW.

AN' HERE'S TH' SHE-DEVIL WHO'S RESPONSIBLE!



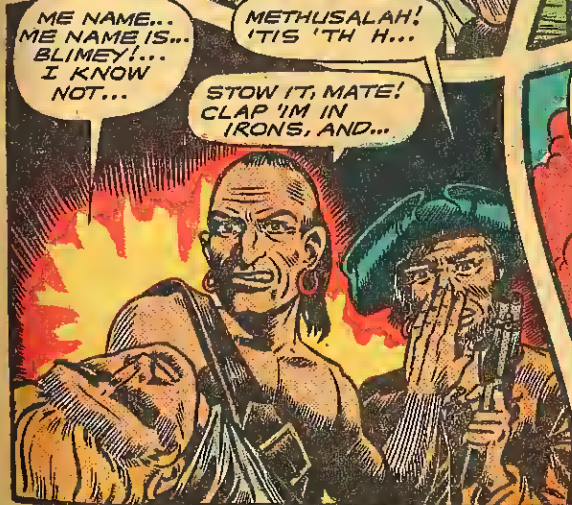
LET ME GO, CALEB... I'LL KILL HER!

NAY, STOW IT, LASS! 'TWOULD NOT BRING TH' HAWK BACK...



'T'WILL NE'ER BE TH' SAME WITHOUT 'IM, CALEB. BEST WE BEACH TH' OL' LADY.

AYE, BUT FIRST WE'LL HAUL SIR NEVILLE'S SILK. TH' HAWK'D HAVE US CARRY OUT HIS AGREEMENT!



ME NAME... ME NAME IS... BLIMEY!... I KNOW NOT...

METHUSALAH! 'TIS 'TH H...

STOW IT, MATE! CLAP 'IM IN IRONS, AND...



SHE'LL PAY FOR IT! I'LL KILL HER!

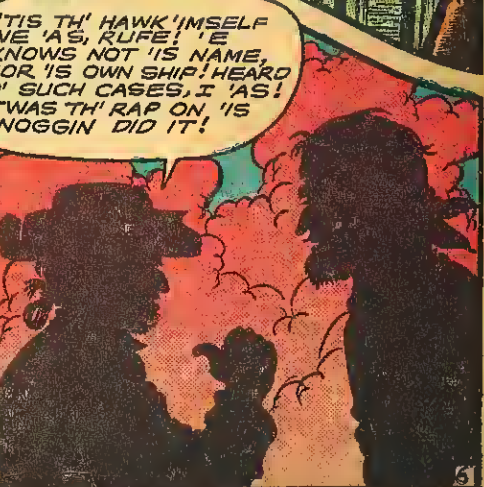
NO, PLEASE... I DIDN'T KNOW! I'LL DO ANYTHING!

MEANWHILE...



OOOH... ME NOGGIN... WHO... WHERE AM I?...

SPEAK, YE BILGE RAT. WHO BE YE?



'TIS TH' HAWK 'IMSELF WE 'AS, RUF! 'E KNOWS NOT 'IS NAME, NOR 'IS OWN SHIP! HEARD O' SUCH CASES, I 'AS! 'T'WAS TH' RAP ON 'IS NOGGIN DID IT!

DAYS PASS, AND AT RUM CAY...



WE STILL 'AS NO SHIP'D STAND AG'IN TH' SCARLETT, LEAR! 'OW KIN TH' HAWK HELP US?... 'E'S DAFT!

YE FOOLS! 'E'LL GET US ABOARD 'ER! AVE 'IM AN' TH' OTHER PRISONER LOAD POWDER ON TH' TUB O' OURS!



LOOK ALIVE, YE BILGE RATS, OR I'LL FLAY YER HIDES!

CAPTAIN! 'TIS YOUR OWN SHIP THEY'LL ATTACK! SHE'LL BE HAULING A CARGO O' SILK!

I... I HAVE NO SHIP!

LATER, ABOARD THE LADY SCARLETT...

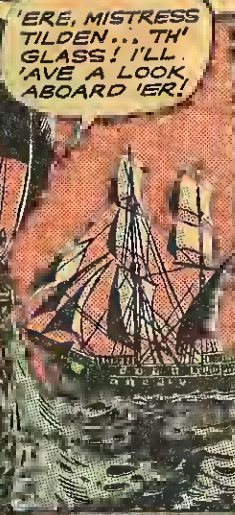


CURSE IT... MOVE SPRIGHTLY! TOOK YE LONG ENOUGH IN TH' POWDER SHED, IT DID!



MATE... MATE! A SHIP'S PULLIN' INTO OUR PATH!

A PIRATE TUB, YE KIN WAGER!



'ERE, MISTRESS TILDEN... TH' GLASS! I'LL AVE A LOOK ABOARD 'ER!



METHUSALAH! TH' HAWK... ALIVE! THEY'VE BLADES AT 'IS THROAT, BUT 'E LIVES! 'E LIVES!



BUT, CALEB! WE CANNOT RETURN THEIR FIRE WITH HIM ABOARD! AN' THEY'RE READYIN' A BROADSIDE!

BUT...

CAP'N LEAR!
'TIS WET AS
RAIN OUR
POWDER
BE! 'T WAS
TH' PRISONERS...

ADMITTED,
AN' NOW
TH' PLAY-
ACTIN'
ENDS!
JONATHAN...
TH' BLOCK...

AH... WELL DONE,
LAD! BUT HAVE
CARE! MY MATE
PLANS TO RAM US!

AN' MEAN-
TIME I'LL
BE TAKIN'
THIS
SWORD!

AVAST...
AVAST, ALL
ABOARD!
TH' LADY
SCARLETT...

INSTANTLY...

'T WOULD SEEM
YER DAYS OF
KILLIN' ARE
ENDED, LEAR!
HERE COME
MY MEN!

CURSE
YE, HAWK!
YE WERE
NEVER
DAFT...
'T WAS A
TRICK...

AYE, AND YE
SAILED RIGHT
INTO IT! AHoy,
FLUTH... HERD
'EM OFF BEFORE
THIS TUB GOES
UNDER!

LATER...
LOOKIT
HOW HAPPY
THEY ARE
TO SEE
EACH
OTHER,
VELVET!

AYE, AN' 'TIS
ANOTHER
WHO MIGHT
FEEL TH' SAME,
BUT HE'S A
MIND ONLY FOR
HIS CARGO O!
SILK!

NEW ADVENTURES OF THE
HAWK EVERY MONTH IN
JUMBO Comics!

ZX-5

BY MAJOR THORPE



"YOU MUST ADMIT THAT THE HOLES IN THE SOLES OF MY SHOES HAD TO BE PRETTY LARGE TO MAKE THE 'KING OF THE KEYHOLE' TRADE IN HIS PRIDE FOR A BUM DEAL AS BODY-GUARD... BUT, SUCH WAS THE CASE, AS..."

HERE... LET ME FASTEN YOUR SAFETY BELT, MISTER BRADY... THE TAKE-OFF MIGHT BE A BIT ROUGH!

WHY, THANK YOU, PILOT!

THIS TRIP WILL PROBABLY BE DULL AND... HEY! WHAT'S THAT? MAYBE IT WON'T BE DULL!

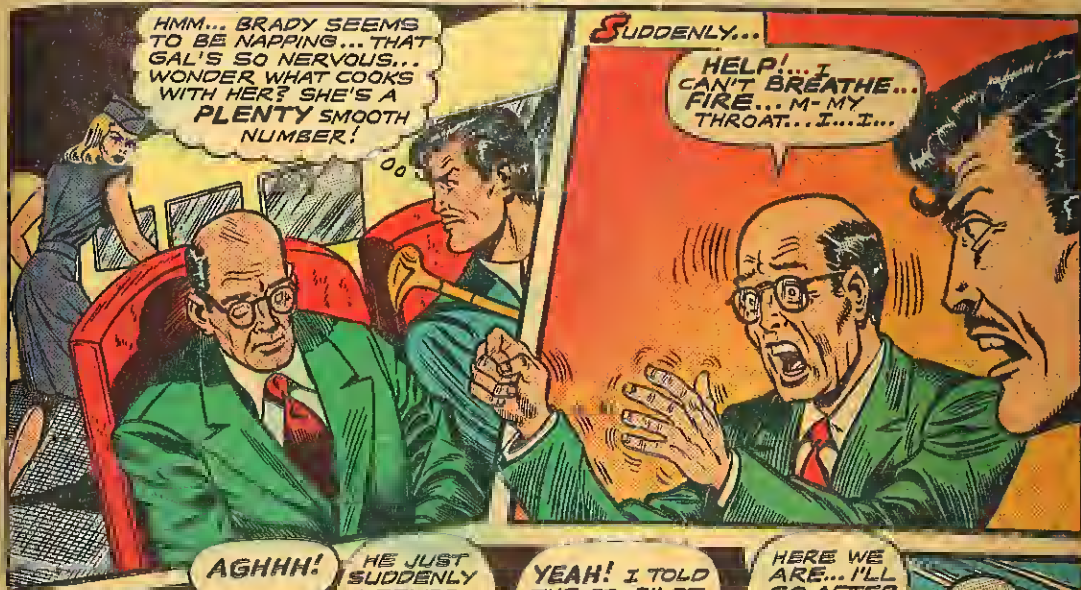
EVERYTHING SEEMS TO BE GOIN' O.KAY... JUD'S FIXED UP BRADY! I WONDER WHO'S THAT STUPE WITH BRADY?

AND... WELL, TALLULAH... WE'RE OFF... GET TO WORK... REMEMBER, YOU'RE THE STEWARDESS!

O.KAY, JUD!

EMERGENCY



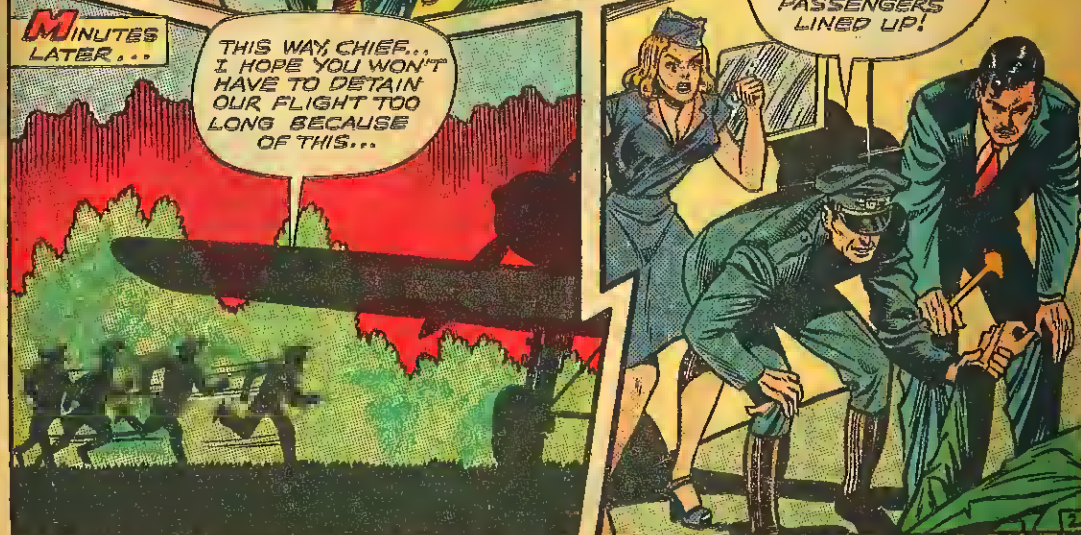


SUDDENLY...

HELP!... I CAN'T BREATHE... FIRE... M-MY THROAT... I... I...



MINUTES LATER...



THE GUY'S DEADDER THAN CAESAR... LOOKS LIKE POISON TO ME... GET ALL THE PASSENGERS LINED UP!

A THOROUGH FRISK OF OUR FELLOW PASSENGERS REVEALED NOTHING MORE DANGEROUS THAN SOME OLD LOVE LETTERS."

OKAY, OFFICER, LET 'EM GO. I'LL CHECK WITH THE PILOT AND SEE IF HE FOUND ANYTHING OUTSIDE.

NOTHING, EH? WELL, THANKS, ANYHOW. GUESS I'LL HAVE TO SLEEP ON IT.

WAIT A MINUTE! PERHAPS THE STEWARDESS HAS SOME DOPE. THE AIRLINE OFFICE SHOULD HAVE HER ADDRESS.

WHEW! SHE WOULD LIVE WAY OUT WHERE THE FRESH AIR BEGINS. THAT LOOKS LIKE IT!

HERE'S TO THE VERY EX-MR. BRADY, AND HIS PLANS TO QUEER OUR AERIAL SMUGGLING RACKET. NICE GOING, BOSS.

THAT, ANGEL, IS WHY I'M BOSS. 'CAUSE I THINK.

YEAH? WELL, YOU'D BETTER START THINKING AGAIN. HERE COMES THAT SEMI-PRO SLEUTH. DUCK, EVERYBODY!

WELL, WELL, SHOULDOERS, INCORPORATED! NOT GOING TO HESITATE AFTER COMING ALL THIS WAY TO OVERWHELM POOR LITTLE ME, ARE YOU?

"ONE STEP WAS ALL I NEEDED TO REALIZE I'D PUT MY FOOT IN SOMETHING BESIDE THE ROOM. I TRIED TO WHIRL..."

"BUT..."

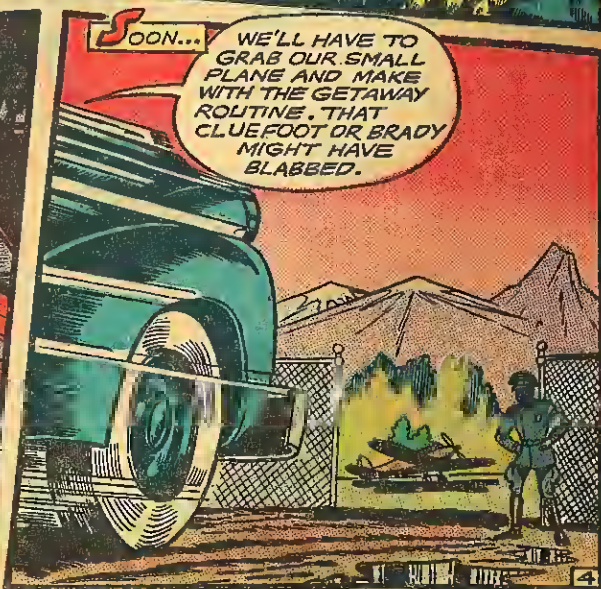
I GUESS WE'LL HAVE TO KNOCK OFF PRETTY-PHIZ. BRADY MUST HAVE CONFIDED IN HIM.

'CAUSE THERE'S NO OTHER WAY HE COULD POSSIBLY CONNECT US AIRLINE EMPLOYEES WITH THE SMUGGLING AND BRADY'S DEATH.

TOO BAD WE'RE FRESH OUT OF LILIES... BUT I GUESS HIS CANE WILL DO FOR A STAND-IN!

WERE I THE FLIP TYPE I'D CALL THIS TYPE (HA! HA!) DUNK DEATH. WHEN THE WHEEL REACHES THE POND... SO LONG, SHERLOCK!

SOON... WE'LL HAVE TO GRAB OUR SMALL PLANE AND MAKE WITH THE GETAWAY ROUTINE. THAT CLUEFOOT OR BRADY MIGHT HAVE BLABBED.



"**A** GONIES LATER,
I REVIVED, AL-
THOUGH I BEGAN
TO WISH I HADN'T..."

THAT
WATER...
TIED...
I'M A
GONER!

BUT WAIT...
THE CANE
BLADE! IT
WORKS...THE
WORST I
CAN GET IS
A DUCKING!
HERE GOES!

"LEAH, I GOT WET, BUT I
WANTED SOMETHING BE-
SIDES A NEW CREASE IN
MY TROUSER... R-R-
REVENGE!..."

STOP, YOU
LOUT! WHAT
IS THE MEAN-
ING OF THIS?

EVEN I'M
NOT SURE
YET, BUB.

"I HADN'T DONE ANY RIDING
SINCE THE MERRY-GO-ROUND
BROKE DOWN AND MY
JOCKEY'S LICENSE WAS IN
MY OTHER SUIT, BUT..."

O-OH, HE'S
GOT A HORSE
AND I GOT
AN IDEA!

RELAX, MISTER,
I'LL RETURN YOUR
NAG BY PONY
EXPRESS.

WELL, WHAT DO
YOU THINK? SHOULD
WE TAKE A POWDER,
OR MAKE WITH THE
INNOCENT
BYSTANDER
ROUTINE?

WE MADE
PLENTY,
BOSS. I
THINK WE
SHOULD
SCRAM.

NOW, I KNOW
IT! THAT
SNOOPER
ISN'T DEAD...
HERE HE
COMES!



"IT WAS LUCK, OF COURSE, PLUS MY TRUSTY STEED, THAT BROUGHT ME PAST THE LITTLE AIRFIELD..."

WHOA, BOY, THERE'RE SOME RATS I KNOW.

YOU'LL NEVER WIN ANY KEWPIE DOLLS WITH A PUNK AIM LIKE THAT, PALLY.

GET HIM... I... OOH!

HOLD THE HEATER ON THEM, GUARD, AND FRISK 'EM!

FRISK THEM? WHY, WE ALREADY DID, AND NO ONE LEFT THE PLANE. THERE WAS NO WEAPON.

THAT'S RIGHT... BUT THIS SAFETY BELT WAS POISONED AND ONE PERSON DID LEAVE THE PLANE... THE PILOT!

HE SAID GET ME! YOU DON'T FOLLOW ORDERS VERY WELL, DO YOU? GUARDS, THIS WAY!

DON'T... DON'T... I'LL TALK. WE WERE SMUGGLING... BRADY GOT WISE...

AND YOU'LL GET THE ELECTRIC TOASTER AT THE STATE PEN.

"WELL, I'M REALLY WORKING UP A BUSTLING PRACTICE... AND IT'S STRICTLY PRACTICE, FOR POOR BRADY DIED BEFORE HE COULD PAY MY FEE..."

WELL, BACK TO CHASING THE EVER ELUSIVE DOLLAR.

ZX-5 IN EVERY ISSUE OF
JUMBO COMICS!

THE SCEPTER OF SHAZ

By WANU

IT was in the time of the blood moon of Mora-vassi and the snipping, guardian mongrels of the Princess Tatatopa bayed lugubriously on the altar steps. Ivory-tinted fangs glistened hauntingly in the veiled light of lunar mists. Evil slinked through the house of Shaz. Even the lord master—eternal ruler of the valley of Waton—the mighty Shaz himself gnawed on his zebra bone and sipped his vulture blood with tremulous uneasiness in the tropic night.

Because it was the year of seven sighs! The gods of Mora-vassi would demand the mourning ritual for the lost Cup of Kisses—and the scepter of Shaz would speak!

Shaz shuddered to think of the savage, immutable laws of the ancient lamas who zealously watched over the sacred altar chamber of Mora-vassi. Their dread scripture, unchanging as time, was chiseled with golden awls on the bones of dead men who had dared defy their preachments. In ominous rows the chalky skeletons lined the holy vaults they guarded and bespoke a grim fate to pagan trespassers.

The history of Shaz was a stained path of loathsome cunning. With foul, besmirched strides he had climbed to unchallenged power. And the wretched hag Tatatopa was the tool that placed the shining scepter of twin diamonds—the awesome mace of his kingship—in his greedy fingers. It was the devil tale of a devil bargain.

For once, years before, Shaz was but a cringing lackey in the service of the ancient lamas, fit only to polish the boots of the haughty priests. But if he had no virtue, he had a certain advantage—an advantage the old prophetess Tatatopa had not. Among his servile duties was the task of washing clean the altar steps after each human sacrifice in the inner chambers of the high lamas. A silver key chained about his neck gave him access to the vault through a hidden door. Tatatopa wanted something in that room.

The lowly Shaz alone could procure it for her. And it was in those days that the devil bargain was born.

In her crooked soul Tatatopa the hag, the prophetess, the witch-masked seeress, nursed wierd longings. A vague warmth stirred her shriveled frame. In her cave of mirrors she was everlastingly plagued by the hideous apparition of her ugly, twisted features. And the stricken fragment that was her heart cried for beauty—beauty as an ironic shell to envelope the devious labyrinths of her inner wickedness.

She whispered her plot in the eager ear of Shaz.

"Steal, steal for me the Cup of Kisses, lowly one, and I will make you higher than the highest. The old king will soon die and I, Tatatopa, will place in your arms the holy scepter of Mora-vassi, the rule of all Waton! The word of Tatatopa the Prophetess is the word of wisdom to the ancient lamas and they will crown you by the light of the blood moon!"

And so in the murky minutes after midnight the humble slave Shaz crept to the hidden door, unlatched it with his silver key and slipped quietly into the lama sanctum. There on a totem pedestal shone the magic vessel—the mystic Cup of Kisses! Greedy, power-hungry hands snatched it from its age-old stand and bore it to a waiting Tatatopa.

Whispering the mumbo-jumbo of the lama cult and chanting the esoteric incantations of a sorceress, Tatatopa huddled over the Cup of Kisses in her mirror cave. Slowly she poured the curdled blood of a newborn mandrill in the blessed vial. And then swallowed the fetid fluid in long, burning draughts.

There was a shuddering moment of suspense, a taut instant of unreality, and the foul form of the hag fell into limbo. A staggering vision of unblushing loveliness

caressed the air where once a pock-branded hell-witch had stood. Tatatopa gasped at her own unutterable beauty—a beauty beyond the most bragging superlatives.

And through the realm of Waton, heads bowed before the lovely image of the new princess in their kingdom. But the demon brain of Tatatopa still lurked behind the angel mask. The brain remembered and rewarded Shaz. To the ancient lamas the old hag that was their prophetess had mysteriously vanished into the outer worlds—but not before she had named to them the royal successor to the throne of Waton.

The old king died and Shaz was crowned—crowned with reverent pomp by the temple priests in the season of the blood moon. His hands now held the symbol of untold authority, the ageless gift of the gods, the fearsome scepter of Shaz! Such was the fruit of dark scheming by a worthless slave boy and a wrinkled witch.

Seven years slipped into eternity. Years of might. Shaz it was who ruled men but scorned their hearts, and Tatatopa it was who ruled their hearts but scorned men. But though he was master of all that crept within his destiny, Shaz, through the unfathomable decrees of fate, was slave yet to a strange new element in his life. For the warm breath of love blew against the black soul of Shaz and the all-alluring Princess Tatatopa was the enticing object of his devotion.

Gazing upon her lithe figure as she wandered day by day through the marble halls of the palace, ever followed by her watching mongrels, Shaz was slowly snared in a web of unrelenting passion by her ensorceling charms. It was an ironic turn of the screw that he, the cause of the witch-hag's beauty, should fall captive to it.

Yet his love was a futile fire, unrewarded, unnourished by Tatatopa. His every subtle blandishment was icily discarded by the beautiful princess.

"Ever will you remain a lowly one to me, O Shaz. Rule as you may the domains of Waton, but never will you rule the heart of Tatatopa."

Thus it was for seven years, and now the fire of hate mingled with the flames of love in the turbulent spirit of Shaz. Repulsed, ignored, the fierce ruler lusted for revenge as he had once desired love. The inexorable creed of the high lamas offered an evil solution to his bitter frustration.

It was the inflexible law of the lamasery

that should the holy Cup of Kisses be gone from the inner chamber for seven years, the loss to the gods of Mora-vassi must be atoned for by a human sacrifice in the season of the blood moon. And the seventh year would be declared the year of seven sighs for so each year had the ancient lamas sighed for the return of the sacred cup. Only when human blood had been spilled in penance would the dread scepter of Shaz speak and name the robber of the inner chamber.

In bewilderment the great Shaz gnashed his teeth. Dare he fulfill the brutal law? Tatatopa drank nightly from the mystic Cup of Kisses to ever hold her unearthly beauty. Never would she relinquish the charmed vial. And should he give a human life for the blood sacrifice, the dread scepter would speak—and speak the doom of Shaz, the slave thief of the inner vault!

Yet did the fiend brain of Shaz find an answer and in the dark of the blood moon the bidding of the lama cult was done. New blood wet the altar chamber and a burial crypt deep in the bowels of the temple held a fresh corpse to please the god-will of Mora-vassi. And Shaz smiled as he gazed at the waning blood moon.

"The sacrifice is made and never—never will the scepter speak! Sacrifice, yes. Sacrifice for the ancient lamas and for the lost love of Shaz!"

For the beautiful Tatatopa lay buried beneath the lama temple! And Shaz the wily, Shaz the clever had buried the awesome scepter with her! No more would Tatatopa taunt him and never would the scepter reveal the desecrater of the miraculous Cup of Kisses. The mace of the twin diamonds was silenced forever.

Shaz grinned in his bedchamber and from the gloom of his room stared out across the plains of Waton, his Waton, his kingdom! But a wierd sound transfixed him. He listened. It was like the sharp hiss of a killer serpent. Slowly he turned his head. There in the dimness rose the shimmering apparition of a coiling cobra. But it was its eyes, its piercing, hypnotizing pin-eyes! They sparkled brightly, with the stark intensity of two brilliant, fire-lit diamonds! As the serpent struck, the tyrant of Waton slumped to a grotesque heap on the floor—his brain seared by one final vision of the haunting beauty of a gloating witch-hag.

The scepter of Shaz had spoken!

THE END

SKY GIRL

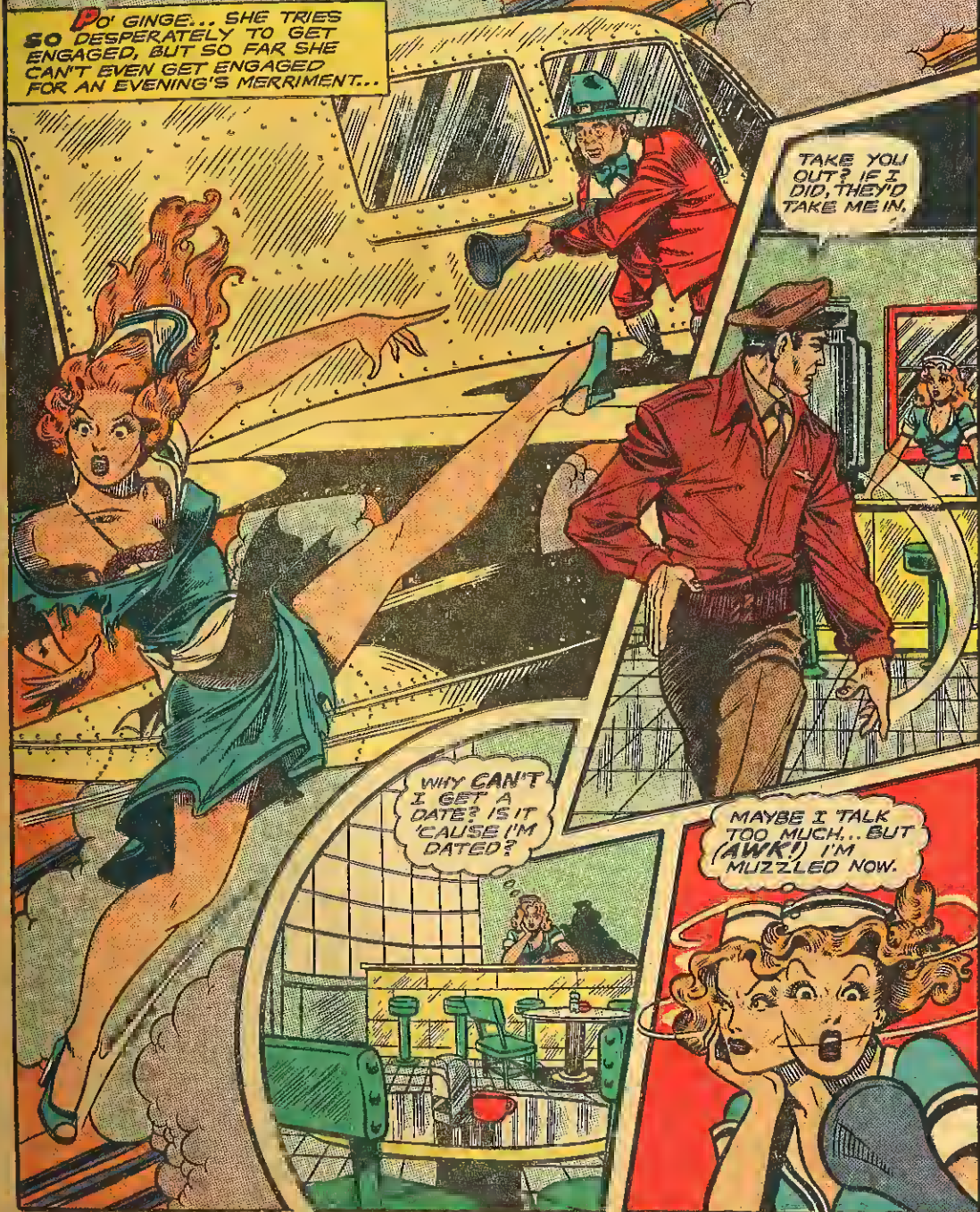
BY
BILL
GIBSON

PO' GINGE... SHE TRIES
SO DESPERATELY TO GET
ENGAGED, BUT SO FAR SHE
CAN'T EVEN GET ENGAGED
FOR AN EVENING'S MERRIMENT...

TAKE YOU
OUT? IF I
DID, THEY'D
TAKE ME IN.

WHY CAN'T
I GET A
DATE? IS IT
'CAUSE I'M
DATED?

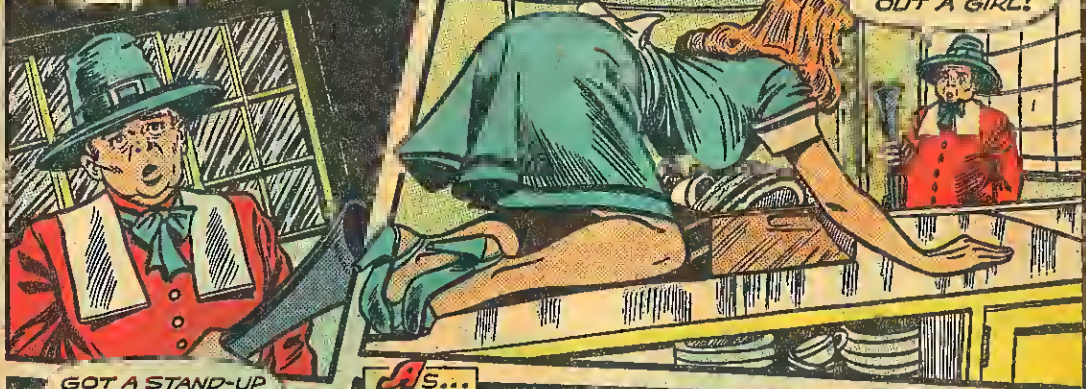
MAYBE I TALK
TOO MUCH... BUT
(AWK!) I'M
MUZZLED NOW.



PLEASE DON'T BE FRIGHTENED, MISS. I JUST WANTED TO TAKE YOU TO A MASQUERADE.

BUT WHY DO YOU WANT ME TO BE A PARTY TO YOUR PARTY?

BECAUSE MY FIANCEE, MISS LOTA MOOLA, THE HEIRESS, HASN'T APPEARED. AND I SIMPLY CAN'T SHOW UP WITHOUT A GIRL!



GOT A STAND-UP AND WANT ME TO PINCH HIT, EH? PEACHY! I ADORE GUYS WHO STAND UP FOR THEMSELVES.

IF YER'LL PARDON DA GAG, MUGGSY, I REALLY (ARF! ARF!) ROPED DA PILOT IN.

SSSH... AS IN QUIET!

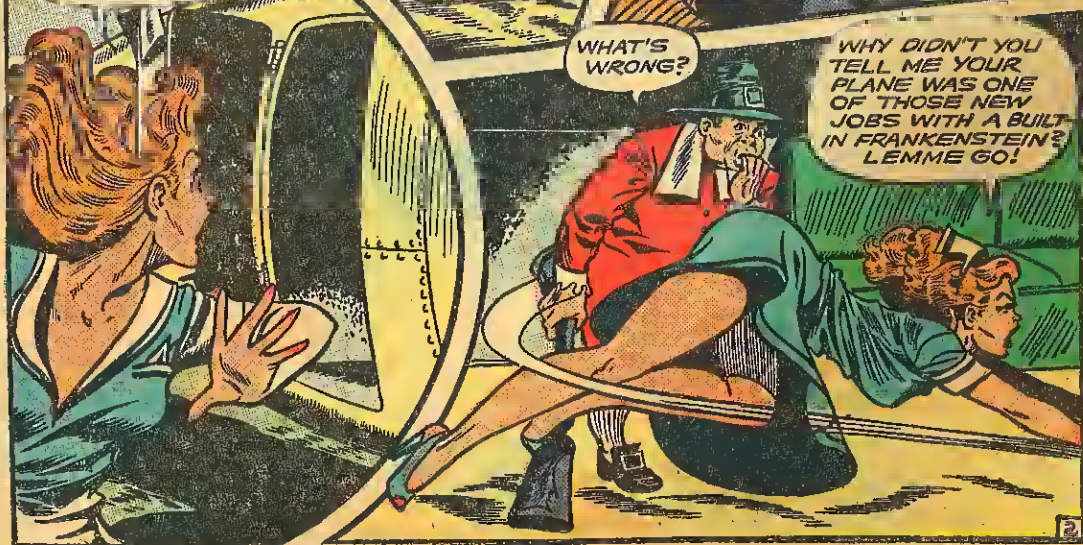
IT'S WORKING! HE'S HEADING FOR THE PLANE... AND TROUBLE... WITH HIS RICH GAL FRIEND.

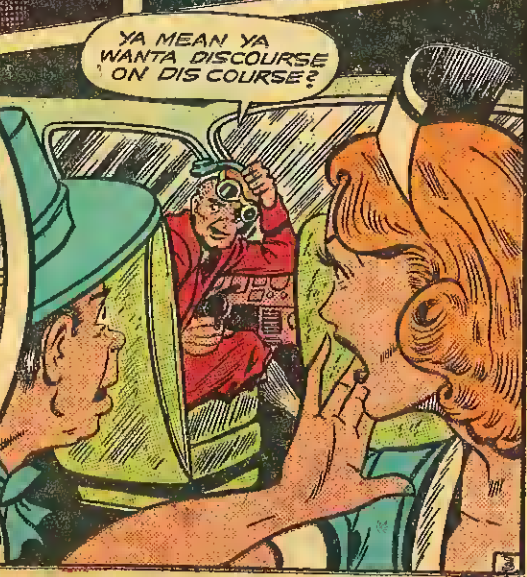
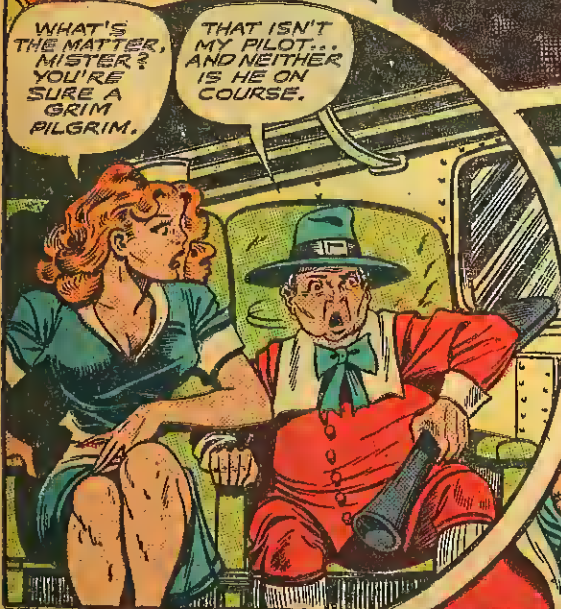
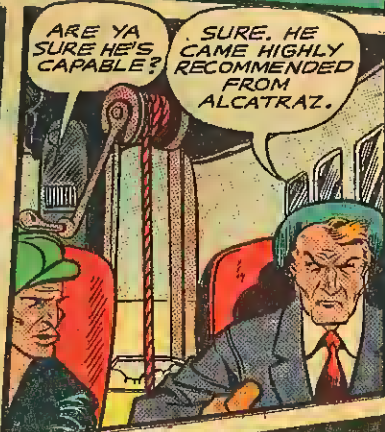
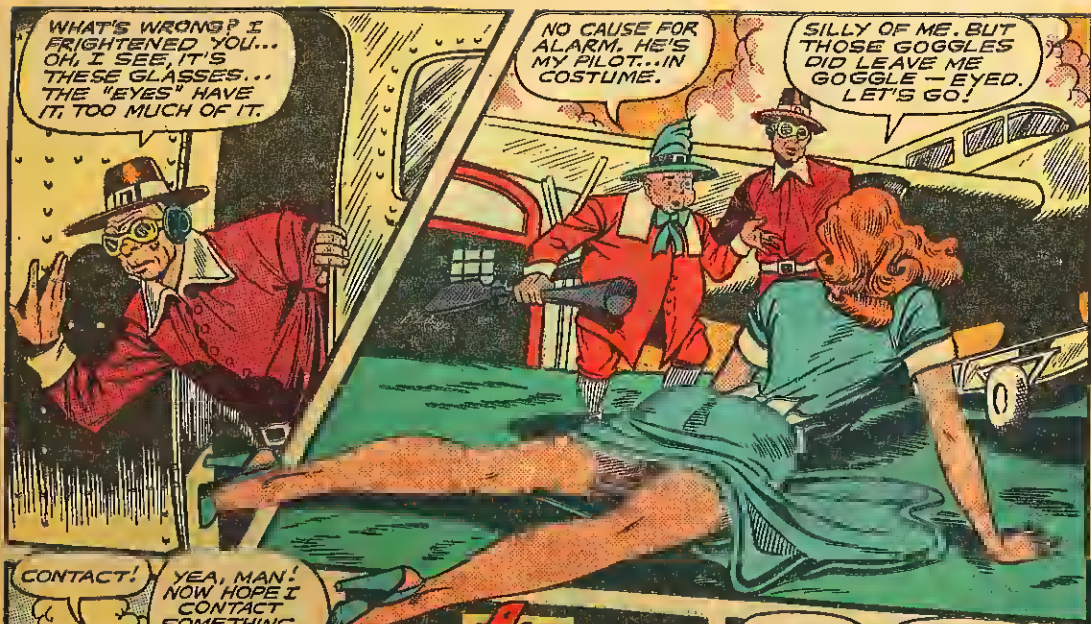
DON'T KNOW WHAT SHE LOOKS LIKE, BUT IT'S GOTTA BE HER... COSTUME AND EVERYTHING.

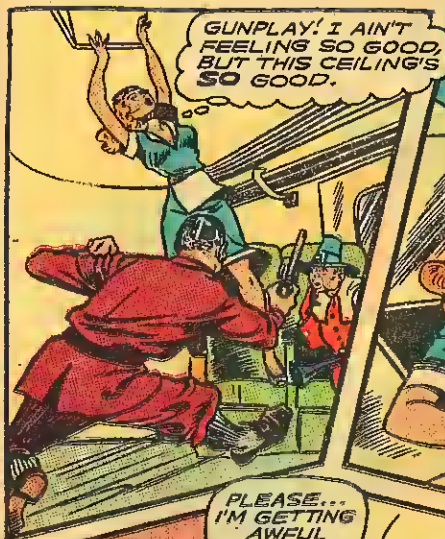
JEEPERS, THIS IS REALLY A CHANCE TO MEET SOME GUYS... PLAYBOYS, SHIEKS... AND (AWK!) SHRIEKS!

WHAT'S WRONG?

WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME YOUR PLANE WAS ONE OF THOSE NEW JOBS WITH A BUILT IN FRANKENSTEIN? LEMME GO!







GUNPLAY! I AIN'T FEELING SO GOOD, BUT THIS CEILING'S SO GOOD.



WOW! SOME PARTY. SURE STARTED OFF WITH A BANG... SEVERAL, IN FACT.



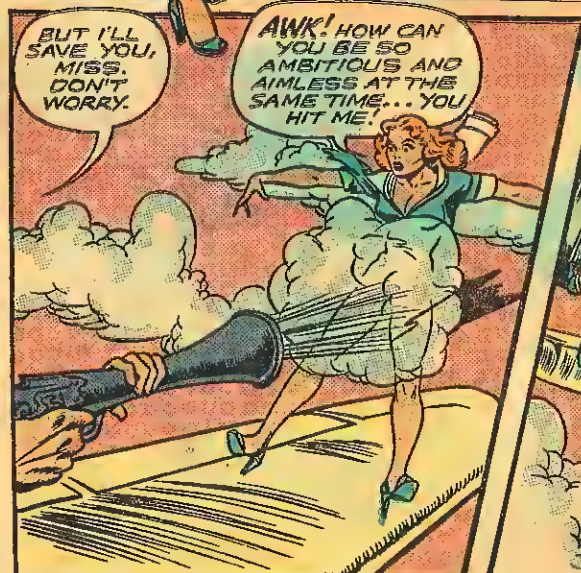
HEY, WAIT FOR ME, ANGEL... OR YOU'LL SAY HELLO TO A HALO.



PLEASE... I'M GETTING AWFUL EDGY!

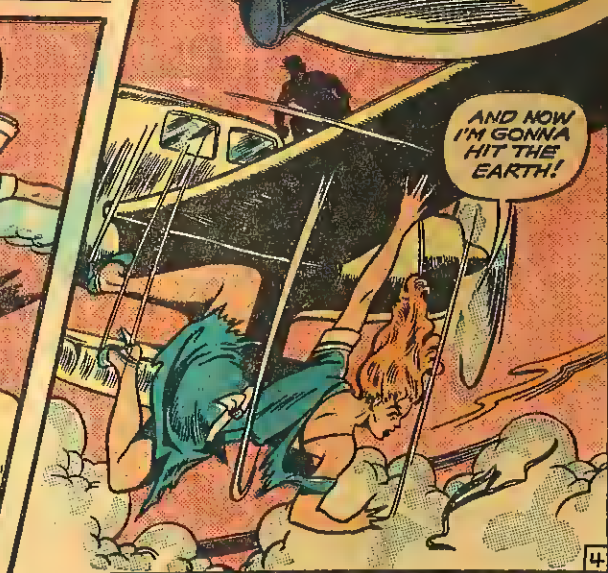


WAIT! THERE'S BEEN A GHASTLY MISTAKE MADE... AND IT'S RAPIDLY GETTING GHASTLIER!

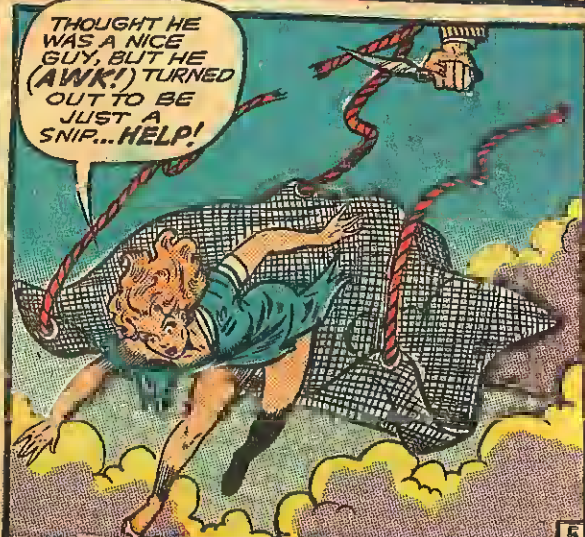
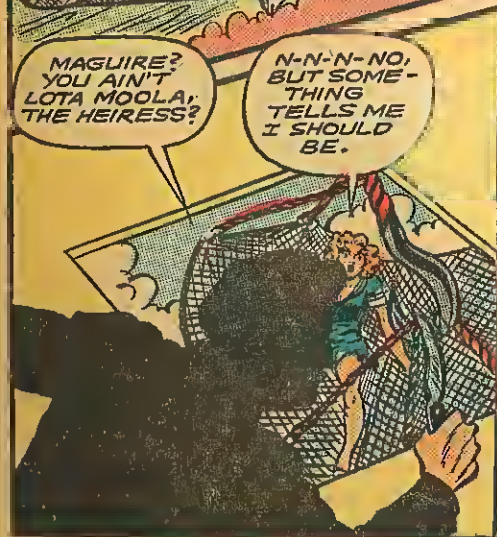
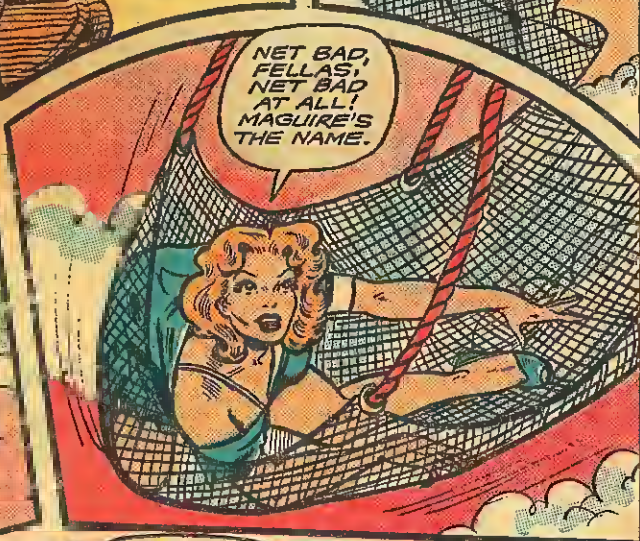
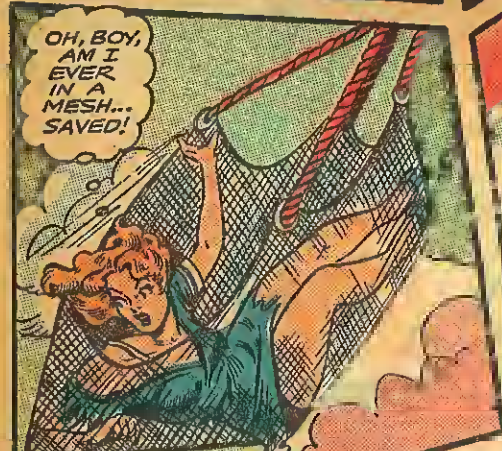


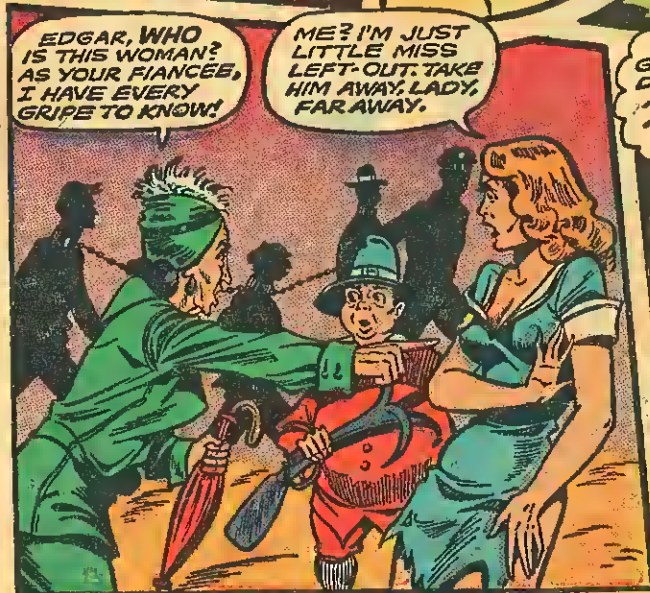
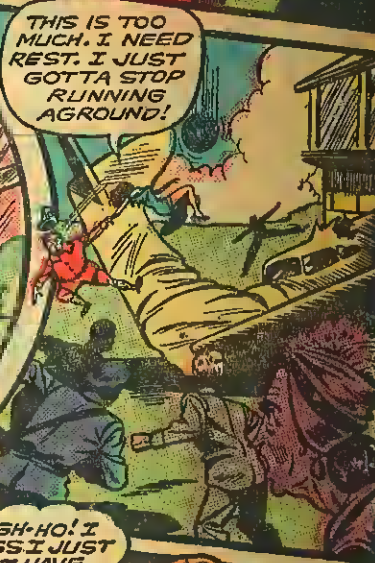
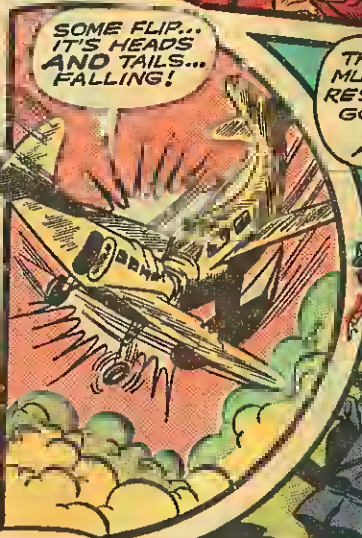
BUT I'LL SAVE YOU, MISS. DON'T WORRY.

AWK! HOW CAN YOU BE SO AMBITIOUS AND AIMLESS AT THE SAME TIME... YOU HIT ME!



AND NOW I'M GONNA HIT THE EARTH!

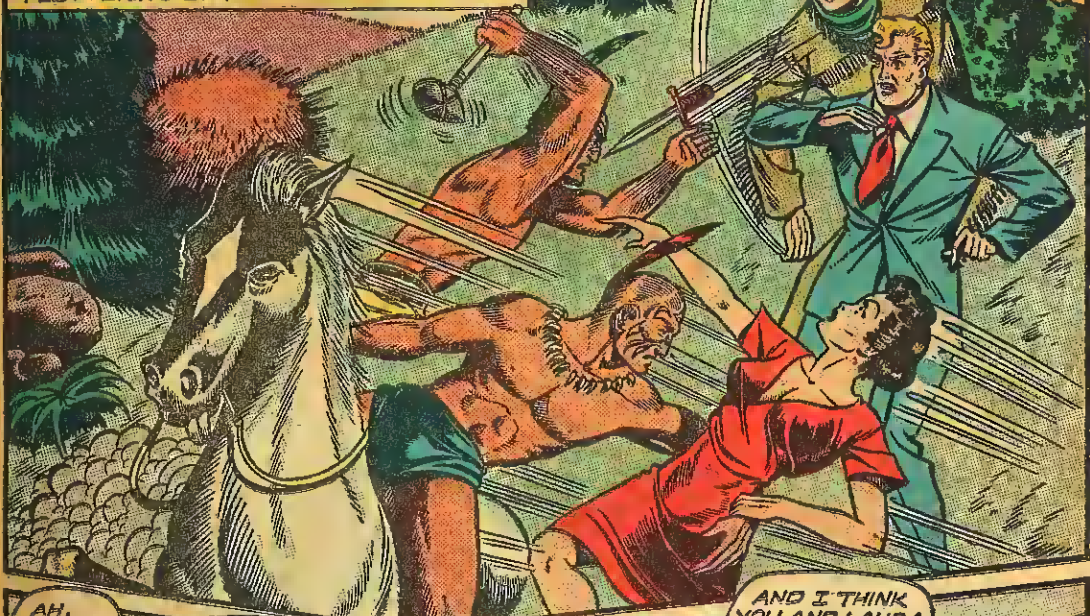




SKY GIRL IN EVERY ISSUE OF **JUMBO** Comics!

Stuart **TAYLOR** in WEIRD STORIES of the SUPERNATURAL

SPRING SPRINGS INTO SUMMER
AND SUMMER SIMMERS INTO FALL.
AND FALL? WELL, STU'S IN THE WOODS
ENJOYING THE AUTUMN WEATHER RIGHT
NOW. BUT BEFORE FALL FALLS INTO
WINTER, WHO KNOWS WHERE INNOCENT,
FLUTTERING LEAVES MAY LEAD HIM?



AH, NATURE!
THE
CALL
OF THE
WILD!
THE...

WAIT, STU.
LOOKS LIKE
THE WILD HAS
ALREADY
CALLED.
THESE
TRACKS...

WHY, I THINK
THEY'RE DEER...
ER, MOOSE...
ER, RABBIT
TRACKS...

AND I THINK
YOU AND LAURA
SHOULD VISIT
SOMEONE
WHO KNOWS.

AND SO, "LEAFING"
BACK THROUGH THE PAGES
OF HISTORY VIA DOC
HAYWARD'S TIME MACHINE...



AND SUDDENLY IT'S THE 18TH CENTURY. THE SCENE: OLD KENTUCKY ALONG THE WILDERNESS ROAD...

ANIMAL TRACKS! WHAT AN EXCUSE TO FLIP BACK THROUGH THE CENTURIES. ARE YOU OKAY, LAURA?

"LEAF" ME ALONE. I'M DOING FINE.

THIS IS A WILDERNESS AND I'M BE-WILDERED.

AND I'M SORE. BUT THAT NOISE... SOUNDS LIKE SOMEONE ELSE IS SORE TOO.

WHAT A BEAST... AND HE'S ACTING BEASTLY!

I WOULD, BUT SOME ONE'S BEAT ME TO IT. WHY, IT'S...

DANIEL BOONE! A BOON FROM BOONE AND IN THE NICK OF TIME.

WELCOME, STRANGERS.

STU! DO SOMETHING!

I THOUGHT YE MIGHT BE REDSKINS FOR A MINUTE. I BE AGUARDIN' THOSE SETTLERS AGAINST THE CHEROKEE. WOULD YOU LIKE TO RIDE A PRAIRIE SCHOONER?

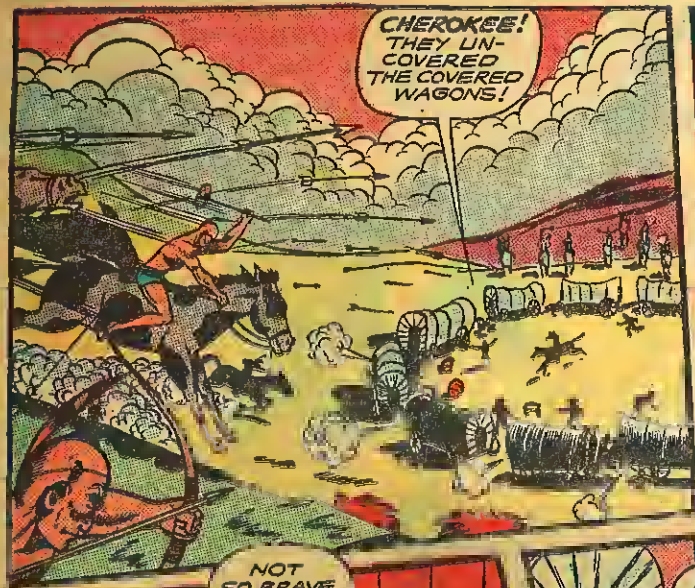
SURE THING.

NO "SCHOONER" SAID THAN DONE. BEEN HAVING MUCH TROUBLE WITH THE INDIANS, DAN?

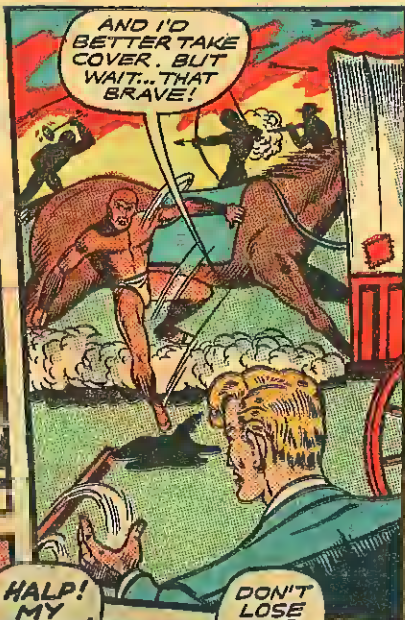
OH, NOW AND THEN, STU.

AND I THINK IT'S NOW. LOOK! ON THAT HILL!





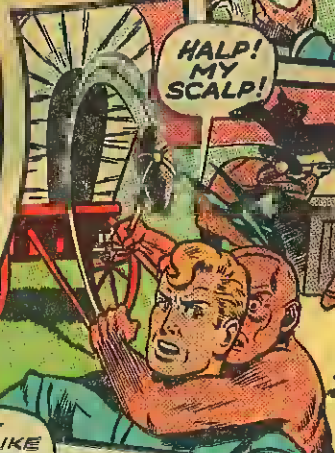
CHEROKEE!
THEY UN-
COVERED
THE COVERED
WAGONS!



AND I'D
BETTER TAKE
COVER. BUT
WAIT... THAT
BRAVE!



NOT
SO BRAVE
AFTER
ALL. BUT
BEHIND
ME...



HALP!
MY
SCALP!

DON'T LOSE
YOUR
HEAD,
STU!



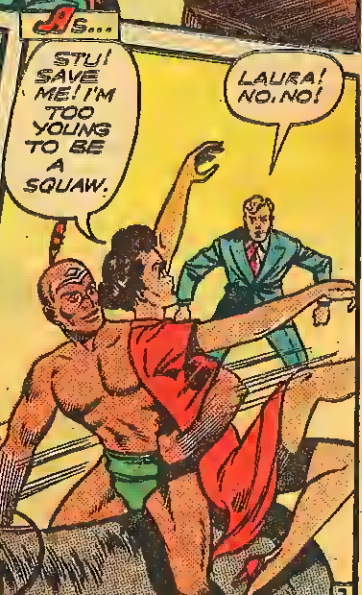
AND I'LL
HEAD HIM
OFF. THIS
KNIFE
SHOULD
DO IT.

THANKS,
DAN.



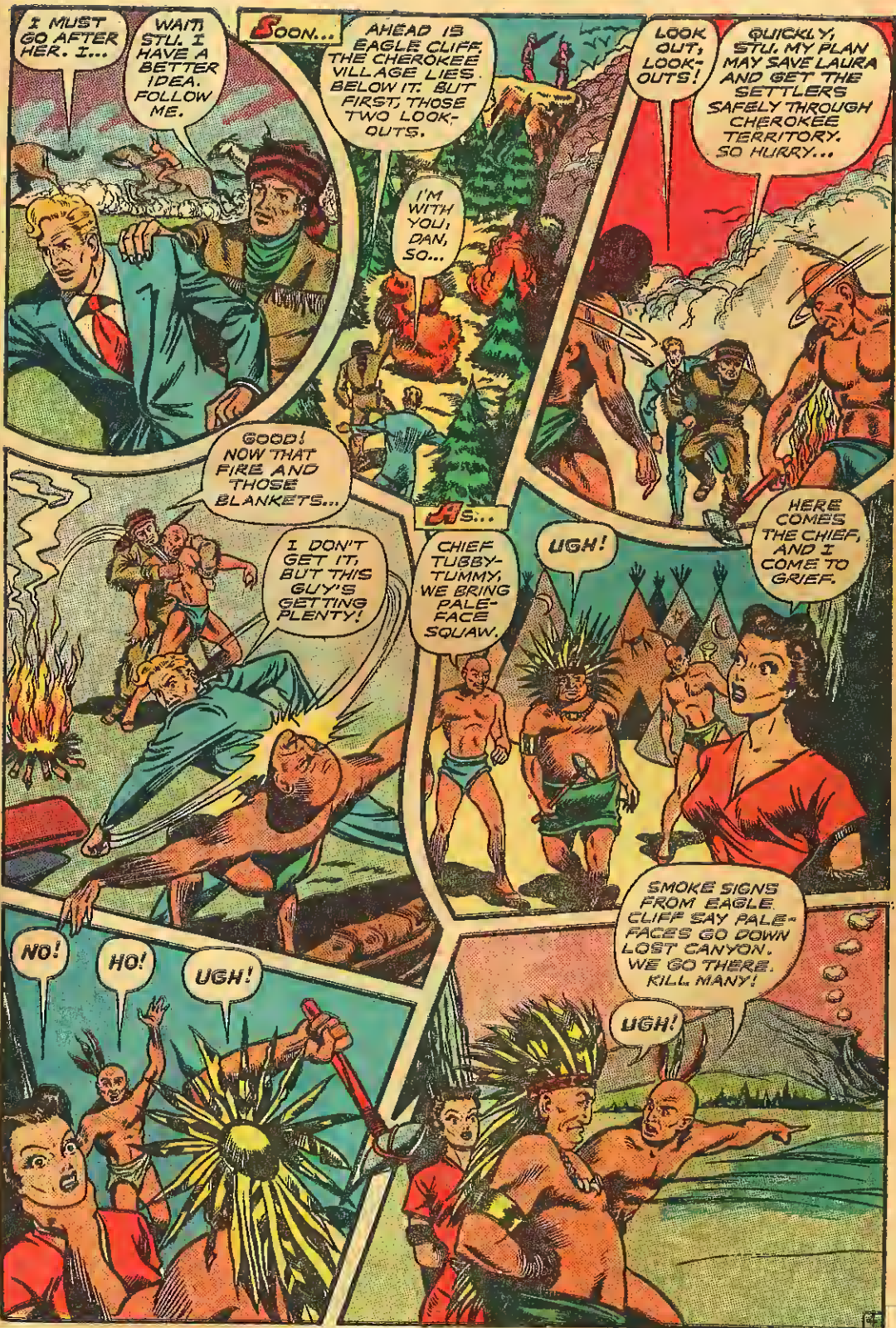
AND IT
SEEMS LIKE
THE REST
OF THE
CHEROKEE
ARE OFF
TOO!

FOR A
WHILE
AT LEAST.
BUT WHERE'S
LAURA?



STU!
SAVE
ME! I'M
TOO
YOUNG
TO BE
A
SQUAW.

LAURA!
NO. NO!



I MUST GO AFTER HER. I...

WAIT! STU, I HAVE A BETTER IDEA. FOLLOW ME.

SOON...

AHEAD IS EAGLE CLIFF. THE CHEROKEE VILLAGE LIES BELOW IT. BUT FIRST, THOSE TWO LOOK-OUTS.

I'M WITH YOU, DAN, SO...

LOOK OUT, LOOK-OUTS!

QUICKLY, STU, MY PLAN MAY SAVE LAURA AND GET THE SETTLERS SAFELY THROUGH CHEROKEE TERRITORY. SO HURRY...

GOOD! NOW THAT FIRE AND THOSE BLANKETS...

I DON'T GET IT, BUT THIS GUY'S GETTING PLENTY!

AS... CHIEF TUBBY-TUMMY, WE BRING PALE-FACE SQUAW.

UGH!

HERE COMES THE CHIEF, AND I COME TO GRIEF.

SMOKE SIGNS FROM EAGLE CLIFF SAY PALE-FACES GO DOWN LOST CANYON. WE GO THERE. KILL MANY!

NO!

HO!

UGH!

UGH!

WHILE...

SLICK TRICK,
DAN, BUT WHAT
ABOUT THE
SETTLERS?

THEY ARE
NOT TAKING
LOST CANYON,
BUT I'M MAKING
THE CHEROKEE
THINK THEY
ARE.

THERE THEY GO!
WHILE THEY GET
LOST IN LOST
CANYON, THE
SETTLERS CAN
GET TO SAFE
TERRITORY.

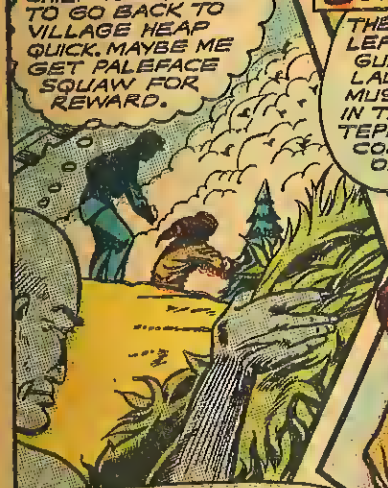
AND WE
CAN GET
LAURA
OUT OF
THE EMPTY
VILLAGE.
LET'S GO!



ME MUST TELL
CHIEF TUBBY-TUMMY
TO GO BACK TO
VILLAGE HEAP
QUICK. MAYBE ME
GET PALEFACE
SQUAW FOR
REWARD.

SOON...

THEY'VE
LEFT A
GUARD.
LAURA
MUST BE
IN THIS
TEPEE.
COME ON.



THE CHIEF WAS ABOUT
TO SEND ME TO THE
HAPPY HUNTING GROUNDS,
BUT HAPPILY WENT HUNTING
SETTLERS INSTEAD.

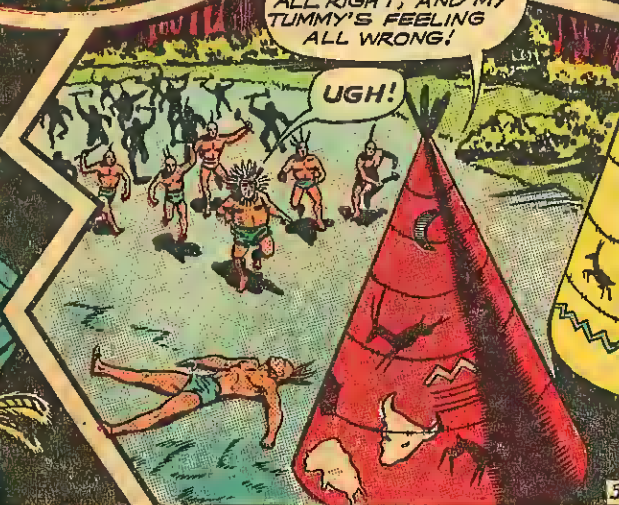
BUT SOMEONE
TIPPED HIM OFF,
AND NOW HE'S
BACK HUNTING
US. LOOK!



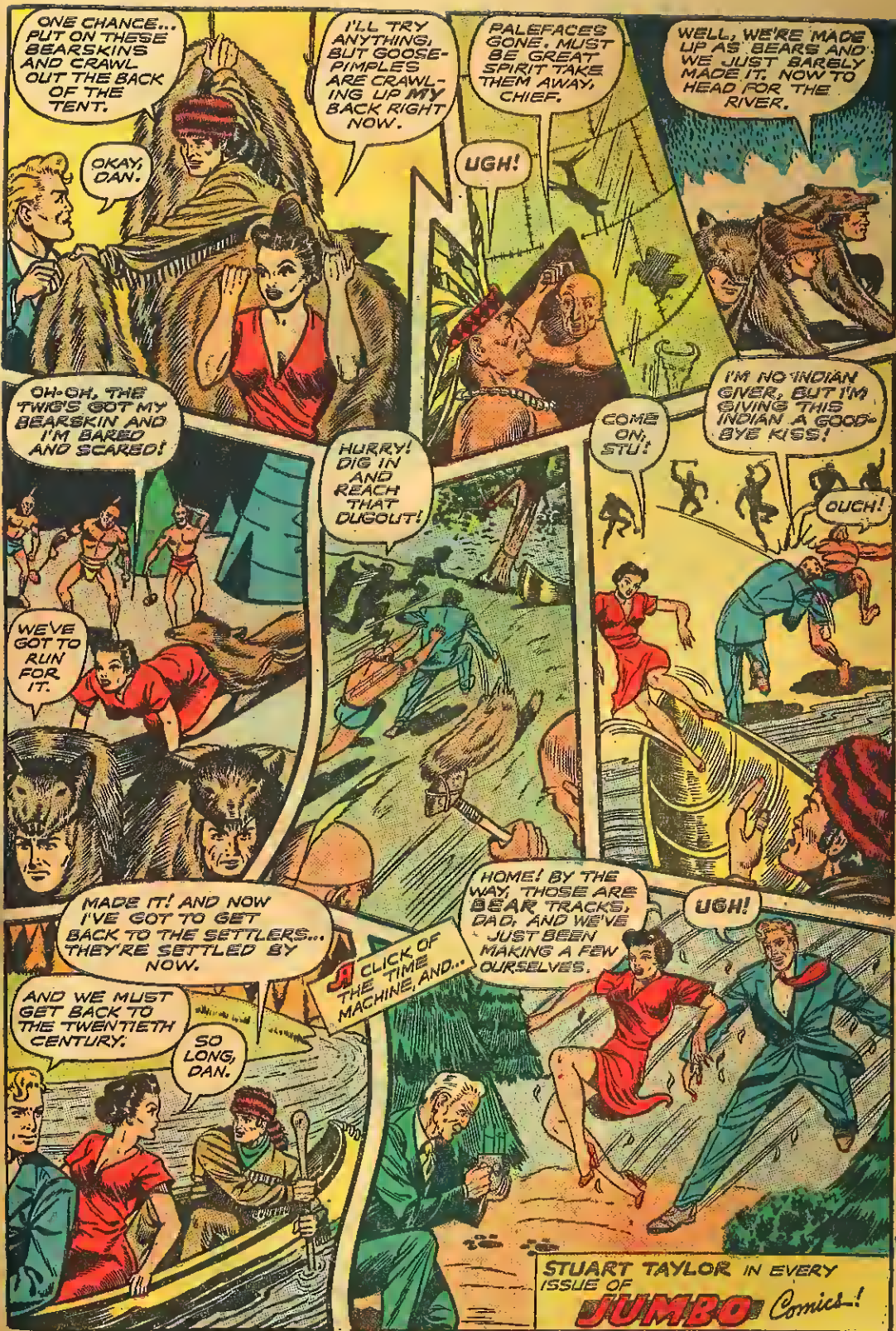
THIS WON'T FEEL
LIKE A FEATHER-
BED, FEATHER-
HEAD!

LAURA!

IT'S TUBBY-TUMMY
ALL RIGHT, AND MY
TUMMY'S FEELING
ALL WRONG!



UGH!



ONE CHANCE... PUT ON THESE BEARSKINS AND CRAWL OUT THE BACK OF THE TENT.

OKAY, DAN.

I'LL TRY ANYTHING, BUT GOOSE-PIMPLES ARE CRAWLING UP MY BACK RIGHT NOW.

PALEFACES GONE, MUST BE GREAT SPIRIT TAKE THEM AWAY, CHIEF.

WELL, WE'RE MADE UP AS BEARS AND WE JUST BARELY MADE IT. NOW TO HEAD FOR THE RIVER.

UGH!

OH-GH, THE TWIG'S GOT MY BEARSKIN AND I'M BARED AND SCARED!

HURRY! DIG IN AND REACH THAT DUGOUT!

COME ON, STU!

I'M NO INDIAN GIVER, BUT I'M GIVING THIS INDIAN A GOOD-BYE KISS!

OUCH!

WE'VE GOT TO RUN FOR IT.

HOME! BY THE WAY, THOSE ARE BEAR TRACKS, DAD, AND WE'VE JUST BEEN MAKING A FEW OURSELVES.

UGH!

AND WE MUST GET BACK TO THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.

SO LONG, DAN.

A CLICK OF THE TIME MACHINE, AND...

STUART TAYLOR IN EVERY ISSUE OF **JUMBO Comics!**

THE GHOST GALLERY

BY
DREW
MURDOCH




"THE LUCK OF THE IRISH!"
THAT WAS THE TITLE SCREEN
MAGAZINE TABBED
PATRICIA O'SULLIVAN WHEN
HER ENGAGEMENT TO
MARRY MILLIONAIRE PRO-
MOTER GEORGE ROGERS
WAS ANNOUNCED. AND
SHE WAS TO STAR IN HIS
FIRST PICTURE... A FULL
TECHNICOLOR REVIVAL OF
MACBETH... WITH AN
AUTHENTIC IRISH CASTLE
THROWN IN FOR ATMOSPHERE.
IT WAS THERE THAT
I WENT TO SEE THEM...


SHURE,
AN' YOU'LL
FIND MR.
ROGERS ON
SET FIVE, MR.
MURDOCH,
IT'S EX-
PECTING YOU
HE IS.

THANKS.
I'LL GO
RIGHT
UP.

AIRPLANE
MANUFACTURER,
SHIPBUILDER AND
NOW MOVIE MAGNATE.
GEORGE SURE MADE
A LOT OF MONEY.
WONDER WHY HE'S
SO ANXIOUS FOR
ME TO MEET
HIS GIRL?




THE OLD MAN SAID
SET FIVE
THIS MUST
BE IT.



BUT WHAT IN
HEAVEN'S NAME
IS THIS? WHAT
HAVE I GOTTEN
MYSELF INTO?



KEEP
AWAY...
DON'T YOU
DARE COME
NEAR ME...
STAY
AWAY,
I TELL
YOU!




SO... YOU
DARE DEFEY
ME! I'LL SHOW
YOU THAT I
MEAN WHAT
I SAY!




PATRICIA!
YOU... YOU'VE
STABBED
ME!

YES! I'VE
DONE IT!
AND I'LL
KILL EVERY-
ONE WHO
STANDS IN
MY WAY!



YES... IT'S
MY RIGHT!
I'M YOUNG
AND BEAUTI-
FUL AND
YOU'RE ALL
JUST A
BUNCH OF
FOOLS!



WHY... THE
LIGHT'S
GONE OUT!
WHO'S
THAT?

SORRY, MR.
MURDOCH, I
SAW YOU COMB
INTO THE WRONG
SET. COME
THIS WAY.

THAT'S
RIGHT...
SHE'S
CLIMBED
TO FAME
OVER
OUR DEAD
BODIES.

BUT THOSE ACTORS I SAW ON THE SET... I... I DON'T UNDERSTAND.

SORRY, MR. MURDOCH, BUT THERE WAS NO ONE THERE. THAT SET HASN'T BEEN USED FOR SEVERAL WEEKS. AH... THERE'S MR. ROGERS NOW.

MURDOCH! I SEE YOU'VE ALREADY MET PAT'S FATHER... NOW YOU'LL MEET HER.

HELLO, ROGERS. SO... HE'S YOUR FUTURE FATHER-IN-LAW, EH? BUT WHAT DID YOU WANT TO SEE ME FOR?

IT'S PAT. SHE SEEMS TO HAVE SPELLS OF TALKING TO HERSELF... THINKS SHE'S SEEING THINGS.

THAT'S STRANGE. LET'S GO TO HER ROOM.

YOU MADE HER A STAR, DIDN'T YOU? AND SAY, THERE'S SOMETHING CURIOUS ABOUT THAT PICTURE.

CURIOUS? WHY, THAT'S PAT'S SISTER. SHE WAS ONCE A STAR.

REGINA O'SULLIVAN... I REMEMBER. DIED IN AN ACCIDENT, DIDN'T SHE?

YES... BUT HERE'S PAT NOW.

MURDOCH, THIS IS PATRICIA... WHAT?

MR. MURDOCH, I... I'VE HEARD OF YOU. BUT LOOK!

SHE'S FAINTED. QUICK, MURDOCH, GET HER FATHER IN HERE... HURRY!

QUEER... I'D SWEAR IT WAS THAT PICTURE THAT STARTLED HER!

LATER...

SHE'S ALL RIGHT NOW. I LEFT HER WITH HER FATHER. THAT'S WHAT HAPPENS TO HER, MURDOCH, AND THE DOCTOR CAN'T HELP HER.

SO YOU CALLED ME. BY THE WAY, WHEN DID YOU DISCOVER HER?

RIGHT AFTER HER SISTER DIED. SHE PERSUADED ME TO PUT MACBETH IN THE MOVIES. BUT DO YOU THINK THERE'S SOMETHING THE MATTER WITH HER MIND?

I DON'T KNOW. BUT I'LL DO ALL I CAN TO HELP.

THOSE FORMS ON THE SET MIGHT HAVE BEEN GHOSTLY PROJECTION FROM HER MIND. THERE'S SOMETHING STRANGE HERE... AND I'VE GOT TO FIND OUT WHAT IT IS.



AS INSIDE...

YOU PUT THOSE PICTURES HERE. DON'T YOU DARE DENY IT!

BUT I DIDN'T, PATRICIA. SO IT'S ACCUSING YOUR OWN FATHER YOU ARE. LOOK TO YOUR CONSCIENCE FOR GUIDANCE!

LECTURING AGAIN WITH YOUR SLY, INSINUATING REMARKS!

SHURE, AN' PUT DOWN THAT BOTTLE, PAT. DON'T HIT ME!



SO, PATRICIA, YOU'RE GOING TO KILL HIM, TOO, JUST LIKE YOU DID THE REST OF US!

YOU'VE ALWAYS BEEN AGAINST ME... ALWAYS HINTING THAT I KILLED REGINA. I'M GOING TO BRAIN YOU... WHAT!





BECAUSE I WOULDN'T LEAVE MY WIFE, YOU GOT ME DRUNK... MADE ME DRIVE THAT CAR... KNEW I'D GO OVER THE CLIFF!

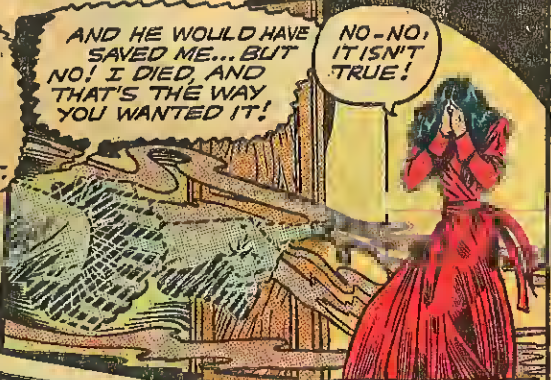


YOU LIE! YOU LIE! IT WAS YOUR OWN FAULT!



YOU CAN'T BLAME ME! WHAT!! YOU, SAM?

YES... PAT, IF YOU HADN'T STOLEN THAT MONEY FROM ME WHEN I WAS SICK, I COULD HAVE HAD A SPECIALIST.



AND HE WOULD HAVE SAVED ME... BUT NO! I DIED, AND THAT'S THE WAY YOU WANTED IT!

NO-NO! IT ISN'T TRUE!



GO AWAY FROM HERE... LEAVE ME ALONE... YOU, REGINA?

YES, YOUR DEAR SISTER. YOU KILLED ME TOO, DIDN'T YOU?



I DIDN'T. YOU DIED FROM ACID BURNS.

NO, PAT. IT WAS THE POISON YOU PUT IN MY FACE-LOTION THAT KILLED ME.



PAT! PAT! WHO ARE YOU TALKING TO? THERE'S NO ONE HERE BUT US!

YOU'RE LYING... THERE'S REGINA WITH HER FACE ALL BANDAGED FROM THE BURNS... TAKE HER AWAY!



HEY, MR. ROGERS!
SOMETHING'S
HAPPENING IN
MISS SULLIVAN'S
DRESSING ROOM.
SHE'S SCREAMING
HER HEAD OFF!

THERE'S
HER FATHER
AT THE DOOR...
COME ON,
MURDOCH!



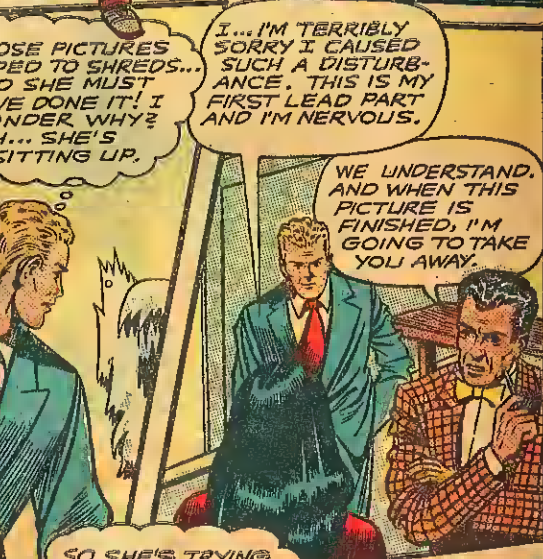
NOTHING SERIOUS,
MR. ROGERS...JUST
ANOTHER OF HER SPELLS.
SURE, AN' TH' NURSE
IS WITH HER NOW.

GOOD. OPEN
UP, I WANT
TO SEE HER.



SHE'S COMING
OUT OF IT NOW...
SHE'LL BE HER-
SELF IN A FEW
MINUTES.

HMM...
THAT'S
FUNNY!



THOSE PICTURES
RIPPED TO SHREDS...
AND SHE MUST
HAVE DONE IT! I
WONDER WHY?
AH... SHE'S
SITTING UP.

I...I'M TERRIBLY
SORRY I CAUSED
SUCH A DISTURB-
ANCE. THIS IS MY
FIRST LEAD PART
AND I'M NERVOUS.

WE UNDERSTAND.
AND WHEN THIS
PICTURE IS
FINISHED, I'M
GOING TO TAKE
YOU AWAY.



THAT WILL BE
WONDERFUL. NOW
RUN ALONG...I'VE
GOT TO GET INTO
MY LADY MACBETH
COSTUME.

SURE, HONEY,
WE'LL SEE YOU
ON THE SET.



SO SHE'S TRYING
TO PASS IT OFF AS
A CASE OF NERVES.
SMART GIRL... BUT
I DON'T THINK SHE'S
GOING TO GET
AWAY WITH IT!

EVERYBODY
DOWN ON
SET THREE.
MAKE IT
SNAPPY!

Soon...

DOUBLE, DOUBLE
TOIL AND TROUBLE;
FIRE BURN AND
CAULDRON BUBBLE.

BY THE PRICKING
OF MY THUMBS,
SOMETHING WICKED
THIS WAY COMES.
OPEN LOCKS, WHO-
EVER KNOCKS!

HOW NOW, YOU
SECRET, BLACK
AND MIDNIGHT
HAGS! WHAT
IS IT YOU DO?

SHE'S
STOPPED...
SHE'S
STARING
AT THE
CAULDRON!

GO ON, PAT,
SAY YOUR
LINES! WHY...
WHAT'S SHE
SCREAMING
ABOUT?

CHRIS!
REGINA!
SAM!
YOU'RE
BACK!
YOU'RE
TRYING
TO RUIN
ME!

BUT YOU
WON'T! I
KILLED
YOU ONCE
AND I'LL
KILL YOU
AGAIN!

QUICK, SHE'S
HEADING
TOWARD THAT
STEAMING
CAULDRON...
STOP HER!

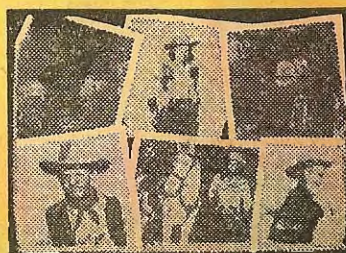
SHE SEES
SOMETHING
THERE... TRYING
TO FIGHT IT!



Western Star Pictures
54 COWBOYS
 AND
30 COWGIRLS 30c

Size 2½ X 3½ inches All in Colors
 This Offer Good anytime No C. O. D.

Screen Art Pictures Dept. 7
 1633 Milwaukee Ave. Chicago 47, Ill.



JUST ARRIVED

A GENUINE
MEXICAN Tee Nee ORIGINAL
2 Piece Gaily Printed

GOSH, MOTHER,
JUST IMAGINE! MY
FIRST IMPORTED
DRESS! AND IT
COST ONLY \$5.98
ISN'T IT SIMPLY
SUPER...

FIESTA DRESS

- IMPORTED FROM MEXICO! • SIZES 4 TO 14
- CHOICE OF VIVID YELLOW, BLUE OR RED ON WHITE BACKGROUND . . . A WASHABLE COTTON PRINT!

only
\$5.98
DUTY PAID

YOURS FOR 10 DAYS TRIAL INSPECTION AND APPROVAL

Your little miss will don this exclusive fashion, proud as a picador in wearing her "first real imported dress from Mexico"! Fun-loving Mexico is interpreted saucily in this 2-piece charmer! Has adorable flared skirt with three-tiered bounce! And a matching blouse with draw-string neckline and cute printed cap sleeves. Your choice of the gayest colors imaginable: yellow, blue, or red! She'll wear this everywhere, from school to parties! And the nicest thing about it is it's made from durable cotton that washes easily and beautifully!



ONE HALF
ACTUAL SIZE

SEND NO MONEY! Mail Coupon...

Let your daughter be the first to sport this exciting new Mexican fashion! Fill in coupon now, checking size and color choice. Mail today. On arrival pay postman C.O.D. charges plus postage . . . or send \$5.98 with order, and we pay postage. If after 10 days of comparing this wonderful buy with any other dress . . . yes, actually seeing your daughter wear it . . . if you aren't convinced of this exceptional value, simply return purchase for full refund.

TEE-NEE, Dept. 1512
Grand Rapids 2, Michigan

Please send me your gay 2-piece Fiesta dress. Also miniature sombrero without additional cost. On arrival I will pay postman only \$5.98 plus postage. In 10 days, if I'm not delighted, I will return purchase for refund. (Send cash with order, we pay postage.)

CHECK COLOR CHOICE: ☐ Red ☐ Blue ☐ Yellow
CIRCLE SIZE: 4 6 8 10 12 14

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

MAIL
COUPON
TODAY

Get THIS BIG 10 UNIT SUPER STAMP OUTFIT

Free

WITH THIS OFFER

Includes Stamp Album... Stamp Packets & Supplies...
Magnifying Glass... All These FREE With This Offer

Whether you are a stamp collector or not, here is an opportunity to get FREE such an amazing outfit that it seems almost unbelievable... All kinds of choice stamps and stamp materials... Wonderful supplies which you will spend weeks enjoying... and years of delightful possession. All these are yours FREE & CLEAR by accepting our offer on the wonderbook of adventures and treasures, "Fabulous Stamps"... You don't have to buy any "approvals"... All these stamps and items are yours FREE.

One of the FREE items in this Big 10-UNIT Collection is the extraordinary, picture-packed Album shown here. It contains thousands of illustrations of stamps under HUNDREDS of different countries... and additional spaces for thousands of other stamps...

Also explains how to start your stamp collection... We are also sending you FREE all kinds of valuable stamps! Start at once putting them into this wonderful, big Album.

HERE ARE FORTUNES IN STAMPS

This great book, **FABULOUS STAMPS**, tells astounding stories, and gives information which may lead you to a fortune. It gives the complete histories of marvelous stamps, and is full of pictures... It tells how people have made fortunes out of different stamps... Only a person like John W. Nicklin, the well-known stamp dealer and

author, with his lifetime knowledge, could have written these exciting, fortune-making stories and facts... Whether you are young or old, a stamp collector or not, doesn't matter. These true adventures of discovered treasures show you how you too might make your fortune in discovering valuable stamps. So don't delay. Send for it today.

ALL THESE Free

- 1 A Great Magnifying Glass, Strong Lens, Optically Ground & Polished.
- 2 Wonder Packet of Odd & Queer Stamps, including Triangle, Diamond, Giant, and Midget.
- 3 Packet of Air Mail Stamps, including U. S. & Foreign.
- 4 Packet of Different Commemorative Stamps.
- 5 Picturesque Packet of Different Animal Stamps.
- 6 Colorful Packet of Assorted Stamps from all over the World.
- 7 Perforation Gauge with Scale & Rule.
- 8 Packet of Fine Stamp Hinges for attaching Stamps to Album Pages.
- 9 Watermark Detector for Stamps, with directions for use.
- 10 Big, picture-packed Album, including thousands of stamp illustrations, etc.

BIG FREE OFFER

EXAMINE IT FREE

This great book, Nicklin's **FABULOUS STAMPS**, is offered to you now for only \$1.98 plus postage, a substantial reduction from its former price. We will include **ABSOLUTELY FREE** with your order **ALL THE STAMPS & MERCHANDISE** described above. If you're not delighted, you may return them in five days for refund of purchase price.

SEND NO MONEY

METRO PUBLICATIONS Dept. 429-M
363 Broadway, New York 13, N. Y.

Send me a copy of **FABULOUS STAMPS**... also include my **FREE Super Stamp Outfit** which consists of the 10-Unit Collection—Stamp Album... Stamp Packets... Magnifying Glass... and Stamp Supplies. I will pay postman \$1.98 plus postage on arrival. If I am not satisfied I may return them in five days for full refund of purchase price.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....ZONE.....STATE.....

Check here if you want to save postage by enclosing \$1.98 now. Same refund guaranteed. Canadian orders, \$2.50 in advance.

**PALS
IN PLEASURE**



the gang loves



They're tops! Cookies made
with BABY RUTH!

**Buy 'em or
Bake 'em!**

RECIPE ON EVERY WRAPPER

Good Fun : Spirits are high when **Baby Ruth** joins the crowd!
Delicious, chewy candy like **Baby Ruth** is a swell
treat any time, any place!

Good Food : The delectable goodness of **Baby Ruth** candy
comes from its pure, wholesome ingredients . . .
Baby Ruth is rich in dextrase, the sugar your body
uses directly for energy!

CURTISS CANDY CO. · Producers of Fine Foods · CHICAGO 13, ILL.